

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

NO. 29.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:38 P. M. Daily.	
4:53 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
12:10 A. M. Daily.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:33 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:10
" " South	12:38	6:56

MAIL CLOSURES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:55	12:10
South	6:15	6:25

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
G. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Rita M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

WIRELESS TELEPHONING SUCCESSFUL

Inventor and His Friends Try Interesting Experiment Between Ferry-Boats.

New York.—The Journal says: By wireless telephone a conversation was carried on between two ferryboats going in opposite directions on the North river. The voices were heard, distinctly, and the sound did not have that metallic twang so annoying in the ordinary telephone. Noted scientists who accompanied Professor A. F. Collins, the inventor, declare that his idea is practicable, and that when perfected, the wireless telephone will prevent collisions in fogs and be of great value to harbor and shipping interests.

Submarine Cable From Seattle to Valdez.

Seattle.—Articles of incorporation for the North American Telegraph and Cable Company, which provide for the building of a submarine cable from Seattle to Valdez and other points in Alaska, and thence to Vladivostok, were filed in this city. The capital stock is \$5,000,000.

Cartridges Explode in Pocket.

Angel's Camp.—A boy named Louis Vega, aged 10, was running down the street, when he fell on the stone pavement, exploding cartridges in his pocket. One ball entered his right leg. The others went through the window of a house near by, narrowly missing one of the inmates.

Never live beyond your means or seek to shine in society where purses are heavier than your own.

EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important and Interesting Haps and Mishaps of the Week Briefly Told.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's News in a Form Appreciated by All Busy Readers.

Colonel Santos and Colonel Marcelo Delacring, leaders of the recent insurrection in Rizal provinces, Philippines, have been convicted of brigandage and conspiracy and have been sentenced to death. The date for their execution is not fixed, as the Supreme Court must review the case.

Cornelius Hill, chief of the Oneida Indians, one of the last survivors of the famous Six Nations of New York state, will be ordained as a priest of the Episcopal church June 24th on the reservation near Green Bay, Wisconsin. Bishop Grafton of Fond Du Lac, will conduct the ceremony.

The State Department has received a cablegram from United States Consul-General McWade at Canton saying that bubonic plague is increasing in Canton, Honan, Siam, Yekong and Yungshan. The famine is in Kwangsi, and an American missionary reports that the body of a victim had been eaten.

The Austrian Foreign Office has officially notified the United States Embassy that Austria has definitely decided that it will not be represented at the St. Louis Fair. The officials added, however, that the Hungarian Government may be officially represented in the fine arts, home industry and industrial educational departments. A private exhibitor's committee is now arranging for an exhibit.

Twenty-three survivors of the crew of twenty-six of the French fishing brig Isle de Terra Neuve, of St. Servian, France, have arrived at New York on the German-American Petroleum Company's steamer Phoebus from Hamburg. The Isle de Terra Neuve was swept by a hurricane on April 26th and seven of her men washed overboard. Of these four were rescued and three drowned. On the 29th the wreck was sighted by the Phoebus and the survivors were taken on board the steamer with much difficulty and the brig was set on fire.

John W. Frinke, Socialist Mayor-elect of Anaconda, Mont., has filed a suit in the District Court to dispossess H. W. Stephens, the Republican holdover. Stephens refused to give up office to Frinke on the ground that the latter failed to qualify in the time required by law. Frinke asks that he be given the office to which he was elected by a majority of the voters. Frinke should have qualified in ten days after receiving notice of his election. He claims he got the notice April 23d and qualified May 2d. The City Clerk claims he mailed the notice April 20th.

T. J. Toohy, a wealthy business man of Sydney, Australia, lost the other day in a race with death over a course two-thirds of the way around the world. He died at the Auditorium, Chicago, surrounded by his wife and three daughters, who had accompanied him from London, whence he started to reach his home before life ended. His physicians in England told him several weeks ago that consumption, with which he was afflicted and which had suddenly shown increasingly bad symptoms, would be fatal to him in less time than he could possibly make his journey to Sydney.

Bidding was lively at the Harold Pierce library sale at Philadelphia the other day. Edgar Allan Poe's works were the chief attraction, and a few dinky and discolored manuscripts and an armful of tattered first editions brought \$336.50. The manuscript of "The Bells" was bought by George H. Rigby for \$2100, and George H. Richmond of New York got "Al Aaraaf" for \$1825. Richmond also bought the manuscript of Poe's poem, "For Annie," paying \$425, and a manuscript acrostic by Poe to Elizabeth for \$75. Another manuscript acrostic to the same fair cousin was bought by William Brooks for \$275.

These two acrostics do not appear in any of Poe's works and have never been published.

Captain William H. Strobe died at Cheyenne, Wyo., the other morning of pneumonia. Captain Strobe was born in New York seventy-two years ago. When a child he went to sea, traveling all over the world and having many exciting adventures. As a pony express rider for the Wells-Fargo Express Company he made a great race across the continent in 1857, carrying the inaugural address of President Buchanan to San Francisco. He narrowly escaped death at the hands of Indians during the journey, but reached the Coast thirteen days ahead of his competitors. During the war Captain Strobe was in command of a gunboat on the Mississippi.

Governor Odell of New York has signed a bill designed to prevent discrimination on the part of the labor unions against members of the National Guard. The bill is very drastic and refers equally to labor unions or employers, making it a misdemeanor to interfere in any way with the employment of a person who is a member of the National Guard on account of such membership or to dissuade a person from enlisting by threat of injury with reference to his employment, trade or business. It especially forbids any trade organization from passing any resolution or by-law discriminating in the matter of members or against any member of the National Guard.

In the Persian series of diplomatic exchanges which will appear in the forthcoming volume of foreign relations to the State Department from Lloyd S. Griseom, who at the time of its writing was United States Minister to Persia: "I would have the honor to inform you that, in view of the many inquiries received at this Legation in regard to the possibilities of obtaining concessions for the construction and operation of railroads in Persia, I have recently put the question to the Grand Vizier, and was informed by him that an agreement exists between the Persian and Russian governments whereby railroads shall be constructed in Persia except by Russians or the Russian Government for a period of ten years from the accession of the present Shah. This agreement has seven years to run before it will be possible for any one of our citizens to obtain a railroad concession."

To Feed Hogs on Crude Oil.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Several well-to-do farmers of Cass county have formed a company to drill for oil and County Auditor Gard, who is president of the company, announces that the crude oil will not be placed on the market, but will be fed to hogs. Gard says experiments made by him and others have shown that hogs thrive better when a liberal supply of oil is given them when being fattened for market, and that while it conduces to health, the oil is much cheaper as a food than corn at prices which have obtained for the past two years. The discovery of the beneficial effects of eating crude oil was made accidentally when hogs were running in fields where oil was produced and tests were then made, with the result that a company was formed to produce oil for the special purpose of feeding it to hogs.

Iron Mask Will Be Abandoned.

Tacoma.—The steamship Iron Mask, which went aground on the Kamloops rocks, in British Columbia, over a year ago, is now to be abandoned, all attempts to save the ship having proved futile. It has been ascertained that her back is broken, a large rock having pierced her bottom. A quantity of salvage will be saved by the underwriters. The wreck will then be sold to junk dealers. The vessel was of 6660 tons burden and was classed A1 at Lloyd's for thirteen years. She was launched on the Thames for the British Columbia Exporting Syndicate, and was bound from London for Kamloops for a cargo of copper ore. The total loss will amount to \$500,000.

Will Fire Shell on New War Vessel.

New York.—A cable to the Herald from Paris says: One of the most daring experiments in naval annals in times of peace will be carried out at Brest within the next few months. This is nothing less than the firing of a shell against the turret of a new warship. The Suffren has been chosen as the target. The shell will be fired from a twelve inch gun of the Massena at 1312 feet. The shell, of course, is not explosive, the purpose of the experiment being merely to study the result of such an impact on the vessel's structure.

GIVES A FAIR WARNING TO THE SULTAN

Russia, France and Austria Announce Their Support of Bulgaria.

TURKEY FORBIDDEN TO USE FORCE

Intimation That if This Remainder Is Not Enough Porte Will Receive One Still More to the Point.

Paris.—Monday there was a simultaneous publication in Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg of the official view of the Bulgarian situation. It appeared in the Figaro here, the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna and in the official organ at St. Petersburg. It shows that the powers are satisfied with the correctness of Bulgaria's course and will not tolerate the adoption by the Sultan of Turkey of stern measures against Bulgaria on account of the Salonica outrages. It is pointed out that the question is not merely one between a suzerain and a vassal, but is one between Turkey and the powers signatory of the Berlin Convention, mainly France, Austria and Russia, owing to their geographical position.

The official communication sums up as follows: "Two important points mark the present status of the imbroglio. First, the Bulgarian Government is not responsible for the Macedonian violence; second, neither St. Petersburg, Vienna nor Paris have the intention to permit Bulgaria to be held responsible."

The communication closes with the statement that the Porte's first duty is to carry out the general plan for the Balkan reforms, repress the Albanian agitators and punish the murderer of the Russian Consul, adding: "If Turkey persists in diverting attention by menacing Bulgaria the Embassadors of the powers may shortly remind the Porte of what the powers expect."

London.—The Salonica correspondent of the Times cables that there are ten foreign men-of-war in the harbor of Salonica. A state of siege has been proclaimed and Turkish troops are guarding every square yard of the town. Quiet prevails. The schemes of the revolutionary leaders may hang fire, but it is not likely that they will be abandoned. There have been found documents which convince the authorities that the recent explosions were carried out by officers of the Bulgarian royal engineers.

The general opinion prevails, the correspondent says in conclusion, that the only way to clear the atmosphere is by a war with Bulgaria.

Salonica.—In an engagement between Bulgarians and Turkish troops recently fought at Igpari, near Monastir, many Bulgarians were killed and seventy-four were made prisoners.

Another fight is reported to have occurred at the village of Goresetrov, near Demir-Hissar. The village was burned.

The panic in the Monastir district has not abated.

Brakeman Killed.

Tuolumne.—Oscar Harlan, a brakeman employed on the Sierra road, was fatally injured while switching cars in the West Side Lumber Company yard. Harlan was coupling cars, when his foot caught in a frog. The engineer saw him after the trucks were on his body, and stopped the train, but the brakeman was mangled in a horrible manner. He remained conscious and his moans were heart-rending, until relieved by death.

Poisoned Cows With Fertilizer.

Modesto.—Ten valuable cows belonging to C. N. Whitnose, a large dairy owner of Ceres, were poisoned a couple of days ago. An employee gave a herd of fifty cows what he supposed was salt in feed. By mistake he mixed a lot of carbonate of soda fertilizer, kept in the feed stable with the salt. Ten of the herd died immediately. The loss is in the neighborhood of \$7000.

We all take a fancy shy at Happiness, but just as we think we have lassoed her she gives a saucy wink and is further off than ever.

UNEARTHS A TOMB IN CARTHAGE.

Pere Delattre Discovers an Ancient and Beautiful Relic.

New York.—A cable to the World from Paris says: Pere Delattre, for twenty five years engaged in scientific research in Carthage, where he has made excavations, has just discovered a singularly interesting tomb.

It is extremely ancient and curious and is marvelously preserved. The sides are decorated with paintings. On the lid of the tomb is fashioned in bas relief the figure of a young woman, Tanit, high priestess and great protecting diety of Carthage. She is clothed in a plaited green tunic and is half enveloped by two long vulture wings. On her head is a bird arranged as a sort of head dress, and in her hand she holds a dove. She wears great gold earrings and a double gold necklace. Different parts of her dress are relieved by very brilliant coloring. This treasure has been transported to the Lavagerie Museum.

Government to Become Shopkeeper.

New York.—A cable to the World from Paris says: The French state will soon open its shop on the boulevard and become a shopkeeper. There was a general outcry from Parisian tradesmen when it was announced that it had been decided to open an establishment for the sale of objects manufactured at Sevres, Gobelins and other state manufactories. It was said that this would be unfair competition; that the tradesmen would be ruined, and so forth. Small heed was paid to the clamoring, because the work turned out by the state is not to be found elsewhere and there can be no competition.

WOMAN IMMURED IN STONE WALL.

Russian Mason Forced to Give Aid in a Most Brutal Crime.

New York.—A cable to the World from Baku, Russia, says: A stone mason was at work on an old wall in the center of town recently, when a carriage swiftly drove up to him, two masked men jumped out, threw a bag over his head, bundled him into a carriage and galloped away. He was taken to a house in a room of which was an opening in a stone wall in which was wedged a woman trembling and terrified. At the muzzle of a revolver the mason was forced to wall up the opening with the woman behind it. He was told that the woman was a Mohammedan who had injured her husband. After the mason had completed his task, the sack was again drawn over his head, and three-quarters of an hour later he was put out of the carriage at a lonely part of the city.

As soon as he could free himself of the sack he did so, but the carriage had disappeared. He went immediately to the police and told his story, but although the police are ransacking the houses in the Mohammedan quarter, they can find no trace of the locality of this horrible crime.

ORGANIZED FOR IMMORAL TRAFFIC

A Mutual Protective Society Among the Japanese in Hawaii.

Honolulu.—During the trial of several Japanese in the United States District Court, charged with importing women for immoral purposes, it has been developed that there is a regular organization of the Japanese who are in this business for the protection of its members. Regular assessments are levied on the members, and a fund is in the treasury with which to employ good lawyers when any member is brought before the courts.

A regular system of blackmail against merchants and other respectable members of the Japanese colony is carried on, partly to prevent their taking measures against the procurers, and partly to collect funds for the benefit of the organization. Several witnesses in cases now pending have been sent to jail at their own request, pending the trial, for fear that otherwise they would be foully dealt with at the hands of the Japanese procurers.

Servian King Wants Divorce.

Berlin.—According to advices from Belgrade King Alexander of Servia is preparing to institute divorce proceedings against Queen Draga, being convinced that his marriage deprived his dynasty of all its popularity. King Alexander has further received letters of a threatening character, expressing the dissatisfaction of the army.

PLANTATIONS BURIED UNDER ASHES

Thousands of Square Miles in Guatemala Covered by Volcanic Debris.

City of Mexico.—News brought here from Guatemala by people who have seen the ruin wrought by the recent eruption of Santa Maria volcano confirms all the previous reports. The situation could hardly be worse.

"All the coffee plantations in the vicinity of the volcano," says Manuel Huertado, just arrived here from Guatemala, "have been destroyed for all time. Ashes ten to fifteen feet deep cover the country. In the neighborhood of the volcano ashes are so deep that only some of the tops of tall trees can be seen. Scoria and ashes cover 1000 square miles of land to a depth of fifteen feet and 5000 square miles to a depth of one to five feet. One-third of the entire coffee crop has been destroyed. About 300,000 quintals of the very choicest coffee have been lost, and all land upon which it was grown is doomed to eternal sterility."

San Jose County Jail Condemned.

San Jose.—The County Jail was condemned by the San Jose City Board of Health as unsanitary. It is in a deplorable condition. It is an old building, and has not been remodeled for many years. The supervisors were much stirred up by the report, and referred the matter to a committee, with power to remodel the jail according to the most modern sanitary requirements.

To Work Chilean Mines.

New York.—A French-Belgian syndicate has been formed in Europe with a capital of \$3,000,000 to work the Chilean mines, according to the Valparaiso correspondent of the Herald.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice.

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ Hay and Coal. ++ ++

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.



We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

To have striven for some things is a great victory.

Every time we hear a popular song we wonder why grammars were ever devised.

There are those who will let the creaking of a door drown the melody of the divinest music.

It's surprising what some people will do to save a little old honor that is all raveled out at the ends, anyway.

If a man could mortgage his chances for heaven he should never go to his near neighbors to borrow the money.

Even those who have no Celtic blood in their veins may feel a certain sympathy in the effort to suppress the stage Irishman.

Trainmen must be more careful. In some parts of the country it costs a great deal more to kill a man now than it did formerly.

If a man calls you a name, laugh. Names are but so much breath and sound, and unless you are what he called you, wasted breath and sound.

Professor Marchand, of Paris, says the brain has its maximum weight at twenty years. This tallies with the twenty-year youth's estimate of his own intellect.

A Boston preacher says that women who wear birds on their bonnets cannot go to heaven, or, in other words, wings on the mundane hat will keep them off the celestial shoulders.

"Wisdom," said Solomon, "is before him that hath understanding, but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." Could there have been arctic explorers in the days of Solomon?

Harvard has discovered another variable star. It is a variable theatrical star that often gives a man more annoyance than a divorce suit. The only safe way is to shut your eyes and run.

Richard Watson Gilder has referred to President David R. Francis, of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, as a "publicist." Francis very properly declines to be interviewed until he finds out what it means.

Count Reventlow, who is a lieutenant general in the German army, and therefore ought to know all about the American navy, declares it is composed of antiquated hulks. The count talks like a Spaniard in the early spring of 1898.

A newspaper man while on the witness stand in Jefferson City, Mo., the other day confessed that he had two \$5,000 bills in his pocket. Some newspaper men are just careless enough to carry a week's salary around like that, even knowing that they are among greedy constables.

The United States is essentially a composite nation, and it ill becomes Americans to condemn the bridge that brought them over. This country has abundantly demonstrated its capability to healthily assimilate the various nationalities of the world, and there has not yet arisen adequate cause for alarm on that score.

Woman's suffrage suffers more from popular indifference than from positive hostility. Most men do not care whether women vote or not. Hence when a measure like the New Hampshire constitutional amendment is submitted it fails, but it can hardly be said that it is defeated. The average voter yawns and thinks of something else.

A New Orleans paper has the pleasant practice of giving a loving-cup annually to the citizen who has performed the most noteworthy service to the community during the year. It is significant that the society which awards the prize has adjudged it for the last two years to men who have advanced the educational development of the city.

"I think there is some one on the fourth floor," cried the foreman of a Chicago factory, rushing back into a blazing building from which he had just led a crowd of working girls. A volunteer followed him, but when the heat and smoke became unbearable he shouted to the foreman to escape with him. "I could just see Parr through the smoke," the volunteer said afterward; "he was going on." Parr's body was found later near the fatal stair. His soul goes marching on.

Henry Labouchere makes a recent issue of London Truth the medium for a tribute to the American woman. He says that in the United States woman enjoys a position which some mythological goddesses might envy. For all practical purpose she has become a law unto herself, and for her men work and worry almost without ceasing. She is queen at home and conqueror abroad. He leaves the question as to her success as a wife and as to her permanency on her present pedestal open for further study. And doubtless when he has done this he will write another article giving her the entire wreath of supremacy and thus making mere man a little more "mere" that he is just now.

There is food for reflection in the fact that of the \$763,484,018 appropri-

ated for various purposes at the last session of Congress, \$307,704,309, or nearly one-half, was for expenses of wars past and preparations for possible wars to come. Nearly one-fifth of the total drafts upon the treasury, or \$139,847,600, was for the single item of pensions, and over \$80,000,000 was for naval purposes. If we put over against these items the meager allowance of less than \$2,000,000 to keep up our notoriously underpaid and poorly sustained diplomatic and consular service, and less than \$6,000,000 for the promotion of our vitally important agricultural interests, it looks, somehow, as if we were not so much given to cultivating the arts of peace as we sometimes credit ourselves with being.

The contemplated banishment of the shirt waist is not to be taken seriously, for dressmakers cannot wither or fashion stale the charms of this garment. The "panier," "polonaise," and "princess" may have their day, but the shirt waist is for all times and all places. The reason for this permanency may be found in the fact that the shirt waist exemplifies the law of the survival of the fittest; it is a high step in the evolution of dress and the result of a natural process of selection. It came in with the new woman, with the "advanced feminine ideals" and the "emancipation of the sex" and is no more to be ignored than are the mental and moral qualities it symbolizes. It might also be said that it is the one feminine garment that has excited masculine envy. Men have pined women in their bondage to skirts, but the coatless coolness of the shirt waist has goaded them on to an emulation that has resulted in nothing but disappointment and, what in man's eyes is worse, unbecomingness. The shirt waisted, short skirted woman may feel herself more cool headed than the man who is condemned to wear wearing even in the hottest months. No, the shirt waist has come to stay, and, though time may bring about variations in its style and cut in some form or other, it will continue to be recognized as the garment of feminine freedom.

The right remedy for the divorce evil, according to a writer in the Arena, lies in the prevention of unhappy marriages. Certainly this is simple and direct in theory. In practice it might be difficult. A rule and compass method of determining whether parties are suitable to each other will hardly give satisfaction. Efforts have been made by several States to legally restrain the physically and morally unfit from marrying, but that is another matter. True, there is a sort of immorality at the basis of most divorces. But it is generally an immorality that lies deep in the temperament and does not appear on the surface until after marriage. The Arena writer's remedy is "to place barriers against easy matrimony and make marriage a bulwark of sincere and holy purpose, against which the waves of youthful impetuosity and unripe affection will dash in vain. The greatest social evil in our country is the marrying habit. There is practically no check on marriage, and young people wed at will and at times in haste, with an angry parent in pursuit." There is no disputing that the marrying habit has become a serious one. But it is due less to brief acquaintance and hasty engagement than to a perverted public sentiment. So long as popular opinion recognizes the legal exchange of wives and husbands as respectable, the custom will continue to grow, despite any barriers that may be devised. It is not a matter that can ever be reached by legal enactment. No system can be devised by which happy marriages can be divined in advance. All experience shows that happy marriage is dependent not upon wisdom alone or the logic of outward conditions. The remedy lies entirely in the education of public sentiment. When the moral standard of the general public is raised to a higher and broader mental, moral and spiritual development, the hidden disorders that underlie this great evil will imperceptibly disappear and the divorce question will settle itself. When our schools indicate the true spirit of homemaking as they now teach less useful branches of knowledge, and the mothers of our country train up their daughters and the fathers their sons with the idea ever before them that these daughters and sons are to be the mothers and fathers of the race, then the problem will disappear. But laws will never take the place of enlightened and enlivened public sentiment.

History of a Song.
Eben E. Rexford is better known at present as a writer on village improvement and gardening than as the author of songs, but he was the perpetrator of "Silver Threads Among the Gold." He once lived on a farm, as he relates, "put to work on it because I took to books." He paid his way through college by writing, and it was while at school that "Silver Threads Among the Gold" was written. The story of these widely known lines is interesting:

Mr. Rexford says: "The composer asked me to submit some songs, offering to pay three dollars each for them. I sent him six, and he paid me fifteen dollars and kept them all. 'Silver Threads' was one of the lot. So I have never been able to decide whether I got three dollars for it or nothing. It was under rather peculiar circumstances that I first heard it sung. The Oneida Indians have a reservation near Green Bay, and, being quite musical, they frequently go to neighboring towns and give concerts. They came to our place, and in one of their numbers I recognized my song."

OUR Immigrants

New York the Great Port of Entry for Most of Them—How the Incoming Thousands are Dealt with by Uncle Sam at Ellis Island—Less Desirable Aliens Now Coming....

THE remarkable prosperity with which this country is being blessed has the effect of bringing to our shores hordes of immigrants in ever increasing numbers. Last year the army of immigrants numbered over 648,000—an increase of 160,000 over the year before—and the present year will probably see a considerable increase in the voluntary evils who yearly set out from the old world to better their conditions in the new.

The great port of entry for these thousands is New York, and here the Government assumes jurisdiction over the aliens as soon as their steamer has been passed at quarantine. Inspectors go aboard from the revenue cutters down the bay and obtain the manifests of alien passengers, which the steamship companies must supply. These manifests must show: Full name, age, sex, whether married or single, calling or occupation, whether able to read or write, nationality, last residence, seaport for landing in the United States, final destination in the United States, whether having a ticket through to such destination, whether the immigrant has paid his own passage, or whether it has been paid by

brews stood at the foot of the list, bringing an average of \$8.58. After the French came the Italians from Northern Italy, with \$23.53 per capita; Bohemians and Moravians next, with \$22.78; Scandinavians next, with \$18.16, and the Irish next with \$17.10. Next to the Hebrews the Italians from Southern Italy were lowest, with an average of \$8.67.

At the battery an employment bureau is conducted for the benefit of the immigrants by the German Society of the City of New York, and the Irish Immigrant Society, and here from 1,000 to 1,500 persons find employment monthly.

Relative Merits of Immigrants.
Roughly speaking, the North of Europe people make better citizens than those from the South of Europe. The better class go to the country and the worst to the cities. The Greeks are considered about the least desirable of all; the Italians from the southern portion of the peninsula also make poor citizens; but those from the northern part rank with the Swiss and other desirable nationalities. From 1821 to 1900, according to a recent census bulletin, over 19,000,000 immigrants land-



RUSSIAN JEWS JUST ARRIVED AT NEW YORK TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW.

other persons, or by any corporation, society or government, whether in possession of money, and if so whether upward of \$30, whether going to join a relative, and if so what relative and his name and address, whether ever before in the United States whether a polygamist, whether under contract, expressed or implied, to perform labor in the United States, the immigrant's condition of health, and whether deformed or crippled, and if so from what cause. The census is a searching one and the questions must be all answered.

At Ellis Island.
When the steamship reaches her pier the inspectors discharge such immigrants as they may deem it necessary to examine—usually not over 15 or 20, says a writer in the World's Work. All the rest are transferred to barges and taken to Ellis Island. There on the main floor of the big immigration building they are divided into groups, according to the manifests, and separated. Each immigrant is questioned to see if his answers tally with the manifests. If they do not, he is detained for "special inquiry" by boards of four inspectors, who decide all questionable cases.

Only the Secretary of the Treasury can overrule their decision. The immigrants are kept in a big detention room until the railway agents take them to board trains to their final destination.

One of those who recently came over to become one of us was Florio Vincenzo, who hailed from Palermo, Italy. He was 14 years old and traveled light. When he opened his cheap paper valise it was apparently empty, save for a pair of discredited and disreputable old shoes. Florio bowed, cap in hand, and his white teeth flashed as he suavely smiled: "I am a poor man, nobleman, seeking my fortune."

There was an odor that the old inspector knew. He picked up one of the old shoes and extracted from it a creased and crumpled hunk of Bologna sausage. The other shoe was stuffed with a soft, sticky and aggressively fragrant mass of Italian cheese. These articles and a sum of Italian money equivalent to about \$1.80, and the clothes he stood in, formed the basis on which Florio expected to rear his fortune.

Another immigrant, Pietro Viadilli, was gray-haired, round shouldered and weakened. He, too had come to make his fortune. His unpromising consisted of a canvass valise, lined with paper and containing two striped cotton shirts, one neckerchief of yellow silk, a black hat, a waistcoat, two pairs of hose, one pint of olive oil and half a peck of hard bread biscuit.

At the examination the immigrants are asked to show their money, which, after being counted and a record made of it, is restored to them. In one recent year the French led all the others, with an average of \$39.37. The He-

ant at the door and the elevator boy, and the tenure of these functionaries in their jobs depends partly on their ability to keep undesirable characters out of the building, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. Then there is the fixed rule that packages cannot be delivered or taken out of the front door. This makes it awkward for the burglar to leave with his plunder, necessitating as it does embarrassing explanations and delays in leaving the premises. A police captain said that most of the thefts committed in apartment houses are to be traced to servants and that these were few in number. Family rows in apartment houses, he also says, are rarer than in separate dwellings. Flat dwellers seem to fall in with the unwritten laws of neighbors' rights more quickly than those who live in individual family houses. Quarrels are heard more easily through walls than across lots. Hence, against their will sometimes, wives and husbands keep their tongues between their teeth, and during this enforced period of self-restraint recover their tempers. As a civilizing and refining agent the flat no doubt does many other things which will suggest themselves to dwellers therein. The observations are given forth because this phase of modern city life shows itself more prominently in New York than elsewhere.

Cured of Forgetfulness.
A maid servant employed in a gentleman's family was at first very forgetful. The fault was especially annoying at mealtimes, when something essential was sure to be lacking from the

FATHER OF RAGTIME.

America's Only Original Music Is That of the Negro.

It has been said that the only original music in the United States is negro music; the rest is either an imitation, or an imitation of an imitation. Negro music does not smell of the lamp; it has not the voice and expression of the studio. It is not restricted by the rules or methods of any particular cult or school. It brings us sweet incense from orange blossoms, magnolias, the cypress and the pines; it moves like the sugar cane and cotton when stirred by the soft southern wind; it laughs and weeps; it has in it all the joyous music of a choir of mocking birds and the sad notes of the lone dove mourning for its mate.

A peculiarity of negro music is that the words are music. They do not need to be set to music or necessarily need the assistance of any instrument save the human voice. The "coon" songs of to-day are, for the most part, nothing but the old plantation hymns and melodies adapted to different words.

Ernest Hogan, the negro comedian, is the father of ragtime music. Sixteen years ago he wrote Pasa ma la. This was the first syncopated or ragtime composition. We find syncopation peculiar to the melodies of oriental peoples. Mr. Hogan gave us not only the melodies in this form, but syncopated accompaniment. At the time he wrote Pasa ma la he was working with a gang of men laying asphalt pavement in Kansas City. He took his music to the leader of the orchestra of the opera house, in front of which they happened to be working, but the musicians were unable to play it. When it was finally produced its popularity was instantaneous, and within a few weeks it was being played, whistled and sung from one end of the country to the other.

Among other popular compositions Mr. Hogan wrote "The Phenologist Coon" and "All Coons Look Alike to Me." This latter song was founded upon a Chicago episode. Mr. Hogan attended a ball given by some colored people, which, at a late hour, broke up in a fight. A patrol wagon of police who were called to the scene to quell the disturbance were arresting colored people in the crowd indiscriminately, when one laid his hands upon Mr. Hogan and put him under arrest.

A brother officer requested that he be not taken in charge, as he recognized him as the colored man who had sung at the policemen's benefit the night before. The policeman who had placed him under arrest replied: "It makes no difference; all coons look alike to me." From this expression Mr. Hogan wrote his now popular song, the first stanza of which he composed while riding on a street car. He made on this song the first three months after it was published \$26,000.

HOW COW-BELLS ARE MADE.

Factory in a Little Connecticut Town Manufactures Most of Them.

Cow-bells that chime on the Western plains, sheep-bells that tinkle on the big American sheep ranches, bells for grazing horses and mules, and, according to Popular Mechanics, all kinds of bells for the farm and ranch are made in one factory, which stands on a hill-side street in a little town in Connecticut.

To several great cattle ranches of the West were sent recently a lot of bells, tuned in sets of an octave each, so that the bell-bearers among the shifting herds answered each other in musical chime. Ranchmen say that bells echoing in tunes across the plains deter wolves from attacking the herds.

The metal for the bells is received at the factory in large flat sheets of thin iron, direct from the rolling-mill, and is passed under a steam-driven cutter, which turns out the properly shaped pieces, like patterns for a double-bladed ax. Then a ring for a clapper is fastened into the center of each piece, and it is spanned with a little iron strap for a handle. Finally the piece is bent down into the familiar bell shape, and its sides riveted together on the anvil.

The bell is now in shape, but it still lacks tone and color. These are gained by a coating of brass and a bath in a fiery furnace. In nests of four or five the bells, ranging in size from the little three-inch sheep bells to the seven-inch cow bells, are placed, with a mixture of charcoal and brass filings between them, in plumbago crucibles, the lids of which are held in place by a plastering of wet clay. These are then immersed in the fire.

Within the crucibles the brass spreads itself in a thin coating over the imprisoned bells, and the bell obtains its clear note. All that need be done afterward is to burnish the bells, which is done by throwing them with a few leather scraps into a revolving cylinder, in which they polish themselves.

Theatre story: A man called at the box office, and asked for two seats. "Can't give you seats," said the man behind the window; "we've got standing room only." "Well, then," said the other man, pulling out his purse, "give me two 'standing rooms' as close together as possible."

Progressing: Uncle John—"Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucumber vine! What progress are you making toward matrimony?" Clara—"Well, uncle, I'm on the fifth lap."—Tit-Bits.

It's a cold day for the plumber when the mercury refuses to take the thirty-second degree.



BOARDING A TRAIN FOR THE WEST.

OLD FAVORITES

The Burial of Moses.
By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight,
Came when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek
Grown into the great sun—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battle won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his unconfined clay
Shall break again—Oh, wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day:
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land!
On dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace—
Ways that He cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of Him He loved so well.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

A Familiar, Loved Figure That Will Abide with Us Forever.

"Where is the old-fashioned mother who, with her innumerable duties, found time to devote to her children; who felt that they were intrusted to her for a brief time only; that they, in turn, were to be history makers and that she was responsible for their early training; who was mother, sister, friend?" Thus wails a Jeremiah of the press, says a writer in the Housekeeper, bemoaning the substitution of hired nurses for maternal care and attention and continues: "Whence will come the strong men and women of our nation if the mothers are to flitter away the futures of their children at clubs and bridge whist and social dissipation? The green-mother has abdicated the mightiest throne in the world, that of the nursery, for a kingdom far other than that where righteousness rules."

To the old-fashioned mother the mighty manhood of America doffs its hat. For the old-fashioned mother is still with us and to stay. Modern science has wrought many improvements that would make our ancestors stare could they return to earth, but one familiar figure they would still find here; that of the old-fashioned mother. For she cannot be improved upon. Before the mighty mystery of motherhood man stands hushed in awe; this silken cord of sisterhood that binds the mothers of to-day to those of all ages. What has been the mightiest power since the world began? The mother's influence. And is it likely that at this late hour the queens of America would willingly relinquish the jeweled scepter for a torch wherewith to chase the will of the wisps of social deliriums?

But there are no fashions in motherhood, so why speak of the old-fashioned mother? The dictators of women's wardrobes who send forth their royal commands every season issue no such bulletins of advance styles as these: "The correct thing for mothers this winter is to be seen frequently with their children in public. The latest fashionable fad is for mothers to kiss their children on bidding them good-night." Or "The newest wrinkle in-

dulged in by fashionable mothers is telling them stories on Sunday afternoons, gathered together about the fire-side. Even ultra-fashionable mothers now permit their children to clamber upon their laps." No, the duties and the privileges of motherhood are dependent upon neither time nor the whims of fashion. Mothers faithful to their sacred trust there may be, but how happily few they are in comparison with the millions of noble mothers who to-day share the magnificent honor of training up the coming generation of American men and women.

READY FOR PUBLICATION.

Man Who Had Visited Montana Knew What Papers Wanted.

A Detroit man who had been spending two rothre months in Montana arrived home the other day, and when a reporter called at his house to interview him the little affair was found to be typewritten, and all ready for instant delivery, says the Detroit Free Press. It reads as follows:

"I gained fifteen pounds.
"Haven't felt so well for ten years.
"Climate of Montana is the most glorious in the world.

"Saw many Indians. Saw many Indians playing poker.

"Bought an Indian blanket to bring home. After boiling it for a week or so it will be left out for about forty nights to freeze.

"Bought several Indian arrows stained with blood. Didn't ask whether it was human blood or cow's blood. They never make any explanations in Montana.

"Rode a bucking broncho. Usual results followed. Broncho also broke his neck at the same time.

"Was impressed by the mountains. Have returned home dissatisfied with Michigan because she has none.

"Saw many genuine cowboys. Was rather disappointed to find most of their deacons of churches, but was assured that they couldn't help it.

"Was out after grizzly bears several times, but obtained no interviews. Was told that this was the season when they retire to the tops of the highest trees to hibernation. I did not agree the matter. They never argue in Montana.

"Heard the howl of mountain lion one evening when returning to camp. Was informed that he was howling to pass away the time and that he probably hadn't heard of my being out there. Made no remarks. Remarks don't go in Montana.

"Descended into a canyon 350 feet deep. Not being lighted by electricity and all the stores being closed, it was rather lonesome down there. Visitors to Montana are helped into the depths of canyons without extra charge.

"Saw the tracks of an elk. Might have seen the elk which made the tracks if I had followed the trail three or four weeks longer. Was neither encouraged nor discouraged by the people. They let you do as you want to in Montana.

"Saw a man hung for stealing a horse. It wasn't clear whether it was a horse or a steer, but as he wanted to be hung they didn't split hairs over it. The people of Montana are an accommodating lot. They would have hung me had I requested it.

"This is all. Do not fail to speak of me as an eminent citizen and one largely interested in the future of Detroit and see that the proofs of this article are read twice and are clear of mistakes."—Detroit Free Press.

TO MARK INGALLS' GRAVE.

Big Kansas Bowlder Sought for Late Senator's Monument.

The grave of the late John J. Ingalls at Mount Vernon cemetery will be marked by a native bowlder deposited in Kansas soil in the glacial period, according to an Atchison (Kan.) dispatch. This will be done in obedience to a letter written in the Senate chamber at Washington Dec. 10, 1890, to Mrs. Ingalls in Atchison. The letter follows:

"The cold wave has passed off and the morning is like April. The world is so lovely at its best; this life is so delightful that I dread the thought of leaving it. I have seen and experienced so little of what may be seen and known that it seems like closing a volume of which I have only glanced at the title page.

"What an unenviable host life is, to invite us to an entertainment which we are compelled to attend whether we like it or not, and then to unceremoniously take us by the arm and bow us into the night, stormy and dismal, to go stumbling about without so much as a lantern to show us the way to another town.

"Our ground in the cemetery should have a 'monument.' I hate these obelisks, urns and stone cottages, and should prefer a great natural rock—one of the red bowlders known as the 'lost rocks' of the prairie porphyry from the north, brought down in glacial times—with a small surface smoothed down, just large enough to make a tablet in which should be inserted the bronze letters of our name, 'Ingalls,' and nothing else."

A stone such as described, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is now being sought.

Overmatched.

"Now, witness," said the lawyer, "you say that your hearing is good?"

"Yes, sir."

"How good? Give me an illustration. Can you hear my watch tick?"

"No, sir. It's three days since I saw you going into the pawnshop, and the watch must have run down by this time."

When we see a girl wearing a waist buttoned down the back, we long to ask her: "How did you get into it?"

POVERTY MADE HER SING

As a Child Patti Prevented Her Family's Starvation—When 7 Years Old the Great Diva Stood on a Hall Table and Sang—Her Great Wealth and How Earned.....



ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI-CEDERSTROM.



BARON CEDERSTROM.

THE promise of \$5,000 per night has proven sufficient temptation to cause Mme. Adelina Patti, Baroness of Cederstrom, to agree to leave her home in Sweden and her castle of Craig-y-nos in Wales, in the near future and revisit this country. During the few months she will be in America it is estimated that the great diva will increase a fortune already amounting to several millions by at least half a million more.

For over forty years Patti's marvelous voice has thrilled hundreds of audiences and she has passed from one triumph to another, adding, year by year, to the fortune which she started to lay by in the earlier days of her career. And what could be more striking than the contrast between the picture of the Patti of to-day—scoring a last triumphal tour at 60—and the picture of the little girl who, at the age of 7 years, stood on a table in a concert hall and sang trashy songs to a commonplace audience? Little did the parents of the child Patti dream, when her first earnings in this way actually saved the family from starvation, that the cultivation of her marvelous voice would in after years be the means of earning vast fortunes. And now, with all her sixty years upon her, it is said that the voice of the diva retains most, if not all, of its original melody, and even at this late day has the power to earn about half a million dollars within the short limits of a six months' engagement.

The contract under which Patti comes to this country is an ironclad one. She is to sing at sixty concerts; is not to appear more than ten times in any one month. At the conclusion of each concert she is to receive \$5,000. She is to get, in addition, 50 per cent of the box office money in excess of \$7,500. A conservative estimate places the average receipts at \$10,000 a performance; therefore, Patti's total income for each concert will, in round numbers, amount to about \$6,250 and her gross receipts for the entire tour will mount up to \$375,000. The balance of the box office receipts will reach another \$100,000, so that it is no exaggeration to place the earning capacity of Patti's voice during her forthcoming tour at the half-million mark. During the two hours of the performance the divine Adelina will be upon the stage from a half to three-quarters of an hour—possibly an average of thirty-five minutes. This means that, all told, she will sing for just thirty-five hours, or at the rate of \$10,000 an hour.

Patti, the child of Italian parents, was born in Spain, in 1843. Her first appearance before an English audience took place when she was 18 years old, at the Italian Theater, in Covent Garden, in "La Sonnambula." For twenty years she toured Europe and then, in 1881, came to America. For three years she traveled from city to city, in a triumphal tour. During this and subsequent tours Patti received \$5,000 a night. A tour made to South America in 1889 was conducted on the same basis, with the additional agreement to a share of the gross receipts when they amounted to over \$10,000. When the great Auditorium at Chicago was formally opened in 1889 Patti received \$4,000 for singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Patti married the Marquis de Caux, a French nobleman, in 1868, but the matrimonial venture was an unhappy one and divorce followed in a few years. Her second husband was Signor Nicolini, the tenor. More recently Patti married the Baron Cederstrom, a member of the Swedish nobility, several years her junior. The union is said to be a happy one.

OIL KING'S BENEFACTIONS.

Henry H. Rogers Showering Gifts Upon His Native Town.

As the culmination of a long system of benefactions in his native town, Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil millionaire, is erecting in Fairhaven, Mass., a memorial church which, when completed, will be the most magnificent edifice of its size in the United States, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Architects, sculptors and contractors have been given orders to spare no expense, and the cost is placed anywhere from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000.



HENRY H. ROGERS.

Fairhaven is a quaint and quiet town located on an arm of Buzzard's bay, and, like the neighboring city of New Bedford, was once a whaling port of respectable dimensions. Curiously enough, through the medium of the very discovery that destroyed the old-time industry of the place, Mr. Rogers has been enabled to lavish gifts upon it with a prodigal hand, until Fairhaven has completely forgotten the days of whale oil, and sings only the praises of Standard Oil. The church now in process of construction is a gift to the Unitarian parish and is to form a beautiful memorial to Mr. Rogers' mother.

Mr. Rogers' gifts to Fairhaven began some eighteen years ago with the presentation of a well-equipped brick schoolhouse to the town. Next came the Milcent Library, a memorial to a dead daughter. The building is fittingly described as an architectural gem. It contains 15,000 volumes and has accommodations for 50,000.

Another gift to the place is the Town Hall, a French Gothic structure, with

a tower 150 feet high. It contains everything, from a postoffice to a police station, to meet municipal needs. The town fathers transact their business in luxurious offices with big fire places of marble.

These are not all of Mr. Rogers' gifts to Fairhaven. Within a year or two a business block of granite and brick, containing a Masonic hall, was built and presented to the local lodge of Free Masons. For its public water supply, its sewerage system and its fine streets, Fairhaven is also indebted to Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers was born in 1810, and after graduating from the Fairhaven High School became a clerk in his father's store. Later he tried railroad work, and in 1861 became connected with the oil industry in Pennsylvania. When the Standard Oil trust was formed he became the chairman of its manufacturing committee. In a short time he was made a trustee, and for a number of years has been a well known and prominent factor in the affairs of the Standard Oil trust.

The Restored White House.

It being absolutely necessary to adapt the residence and offices of the President of the United States to increased executive and social demands, it is our national good fortune that the work was accomplished at a time when the arts of architecture and decoration in America, having passed through phases various, had at last arrived at a period when the work could be done not only with the highest structural skill, but also in a thorough sympathetic spirit. Previous and slighter alterations showed either that the time was in general unpropitious, or that the wrong talent had been employed. But that the native tastes and especial training of Mr. McKim—and, it may be added, of Glenn Brown, his local coadjutor—all tended in the direction of fitness of equipment for the important work to be undertaken must be acknowledged by every competent critic in America.—Century.

Met the Usual Fate.
"I hear that he married an actress."
"All men do."—Detroit Free Press.

It is one sign of a lack of confidence in others to enter in an account book the names of all who borrow books of you, what they borrow, and when.

When a man is buried he gets in on the ground floor, which is true at no previous time in his career.

Boys And Girls

Trick Candies.

"The trick cigar has its counterpart in confectionery," said a candy manufacturer the other day. "The callow youth who delights in giving explosive cigars to his man friends demands something similar for the candy-consuming sex, and we have to meet the demand.

"The possibilities of a cream chocolate or a piece of nougat are limited, but we have a few contrivances. We make of a very hard candy an imitation of a tooth with a gold crown, and hide it in a cream chocolate. You can imagine the rest—a party of women munching candy, one of them discovering something hard, and finding a gold-crowned tooth loose in her mouth!

"Similarly, we imitate a bone collar button in a hard white candy, hide a candy shoe button in a piece of nougat, put a bit of cork in a caramel, or fill a candied cherry with red pepper. So long as the sanity experts don't weed out these alleged jokers the candy man has to put up these trick candies for them."

Do It Now.

"What shall I do now?"
Do that thing you intend to do by and by, and can do now just as well. Don't put it off.

"I must write a letter to John."
Do it now.

"I agreed to see Mrs. Smith about the social."
Do it now.

"I am going to ask John to sign the anti-cigarette pledge."
Do it now.

"I shall make a bookcase."
Do it now.

"I intend to gather all my books and have my own library."
Do it now.

"I am going to do something."
Do it now.

Do not let a moment fly.
Do it now.

Do not say, "Just by and by."
Do it now.

If you would be strong and true,
If success would come to you,
If you have a thing to do,
Do it now.—Pluck.

Baking Day.



It begins on Saturday morning,
And we have the greatest fun,
When mother and Biddy and baby and I
Go to baking, every one!

It's mother that makes the puddings,
And Biddy that makes the bread,
And rolls out the twisted doughnuts
Or cookies, sometimes, instead.

They give me the crust left over,
For it's always the pies I make,
And in his cradle the baby crows,
And helps by patting a cake.
—Youth's Companion.

Legend of the Cowslip.

The goddess Bertha, or Friga, of the northern mythology on one occasion allured a child to follow her to a doorway in a rocky hill by a bunch of cowslips. When the key flower touched it, it opened, and the child passed with its supernatural guide from room to room of the enchanted castle rock, filled with vases containing great stores of gold and jewels, and covered over with cowslips. The child was allowed to help itself from the gold and jewels, but in coming away it had to replace the cowslip coverings, otherwise a black dog would rush out and worry her. Mythologists are accustomed to interpret this legend as a personification of the return of spring each year; and certainly no fairer key than the golden cowslip could be used by nature to unlock the kingdom of heaven or earth and scatter her floral jewels over the earth.—Teachings of Plant Life.

Passports in Russia.

In Russia a child 10 years old cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers, and for every one of the above passports a charge of some kind is made.

How to Play with Pins.

Stick pin—Place a pincushion on a table or a chair at the far end of the room and give each player a pin. Each player is blindfolded in turn and told to stick his pin in the cushion. As he is bandaged at the end of the room most distant from the pin cushion and is not guided in any way toward the goal, this will prove to be no easy matter.

Pin point—For this game use a basket of apples, bananas, peanuts or bon-

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Easily Accounted For.

One morning when little Willie, four years old, went out on the walk, he found it covered with sleet. About the first step he slipped and fell down, and went back into the house crying.

"Why, what is the matter, Willie?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I stepped on the ice and the slick side was up."

Healthfully Occupied.

When Wesley was about three years old, a friend who had not seen him for some time greeted him with:

"Well, Wesley, what have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Been growin'," was the rather unexpected answer.

Wanted to "Realize."

Three-year-old Julia wanted to write Santa Claus to bring her a "shoot gun." When asked what she wanted it for she said:

"I want to shoot one of papa's cattle and get the money out of it, for papa says there is money in cattle."

In Good Company.

"Isn't it a shame, Abe?" asked his father. "You are the second year in one class."

"Shame!" said Abe; "my teacher is twelve years already in the same class, and nobody thinks it's a shame!"

Critically Exact.

"James," said mamma, apprehensively, "have you ever heard Hugh use any bad words?"

"No'm," answered the little fellow. Then, "Well, yes, I did, too, mamma. The other day he said git for got."

TO TEACH BOYS ON SHIPBOARD.

Not Merely Navigation but Full Commercial Course.

Lieutenant Commander C. H. Harlow, United States navy, representing the Nautical Preparatory School, has signed a contract for the construction of the ship Young America by the Perth Amboy Shipbuilding and Engineering Company. Commander Harlow is president of the school, G. H. Elswald, formerly a Lieutenant in the navy, is general manager, and C. H. Howland, a naval academy graduate, is secretary and treasurer.

The Young America is to be of 3,000 tons displacement and 276 feet long over all. It will be a full-rigged ship on the old frigate lines, with auxiliary steam power, and will have a spar-deck, a main or school deck, a berth deck, an orlop deck and hold. The hull will be divided into five watertight compartments.

The school is designed to give an opportunity to 250 young men to secure a thorough course preparatory to going to college or embarking in business, on a safe, comfortable ship, instead of on land. There will be a corps of twenty-five instructors, and the executive officer of the ship will be an officer of the United States navy, detailed for the service under the provisions of the United States navigation laws. As far as practicable, all the officers will be United States Naval Academy graduates. The actual work of the ship will be done by a crew of seamen, mechanics and servants, and the cadets will not be required to assist.

In addition to the usual preparatory course of schools, says the New York Times, the students in the nautical school will be thoroughly drilled in seamanship and navigation. The ship will be governed by the discipline and regulations of the navy. The complete four years' course will include cruises to every maritime country of the world, involving an itinerary of over 100,000 miles. Opportunity will be given for direct observation of the commercial customs and commercial relations of various nations, supplemented by lectures and a course of readings in economics and commercial law.

Rear Admiral S. B. Luce, United States navy, is chairman of the Board of Trustees. The other members are: L. C. Veir, S. M. Felton, R. M. Thompson, J. W. Miller, William F. King, William McAdoo, the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickey, and Robert S. Sloan.

Cutting Bar Iron by Dynamite.

The dexterity that men acquire in the control of powerful agencies is exemplified in the varied uses to which mining engineers put the high explosives which they are constantly handling. One of the uses of dynamite, which is most surprising to a lay mind is that by which the saw and cold chisel have been done away with in the handling of bar iron. When an engineer wants a piece of bar iron or steel of a certain length for any purpose about the mine, he does not stop now to cut it through with saw or chisel. A dynamite cap does the work in a jiffy.

Poverty keeps many a man from making a fool of himself.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

President Roosevelt's remarks regarding the bad practice of tacking up cards of visitors on the big trees of the Big Basin country was characteristic of the man, and we trust will have the effect of stopping such vulgarity.

Tanforan is to be opened as a driving park. The character of the men composing the Driving Club is a guarantee that Tanforan will be a place where decent people can enjoy themselves, and where the trotting horse will once more come to the front.

The people of California have looked upon and listened to President Roosevelt and have not been disappointed. The President has more than satisfied their expectations and the welcome of the people has been all the more earnest and enthusiastic.

The people like Roosevelt and have faith in him. They like him because he is in truth a man of the people and have faith in him because he is positive, forceful and determined.

The people loved McKinley and they have unlimited and implicit confidence in Roosevelt.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Some people overdo the being cheerful act.

No woman should laugh at a "joke" on her husband.

A bagpipe furnishes about as much music as a bass drum.

Great as you are, your friends will laugh merrily after your funeral.

Remember that a great many good things cost more than they are worth.

There are some things that should be done in seclusion. Blowing your nose is one of them.

When a baby cries in its father's arms he at once takes steps toward appointing a receiver.

Put a big white apron on any woman who is good natured, and she will look motherly.

We do not believe there is any fault more difficult to deal with than the fault of perfection.

These girls with active imaginations: Do the young men know that they make very suspicious wives?

"If there is anything I hate, it is for people to try to make me over on their last."—Drake Watson.

Swearing is not swearing when used because the telephone doesn't work; it is telephone English.

When you see any one get mad, doesn't it lead you to vow you will never lose your temper?

"Are we dancing or wrestling?" said an Atchison girl lately when dancing with a youth who was learning how. —Atchison Globe.

Sex of Gems.

The Romans, following the Greek mineralogists, divided gems into males and females according to the depth or lightness of their color. These terms are thus alluded to by Theophrastus: "Both these (beryl, carbuncle, opal, crystal and amethyst) and the sard are found on breaking open certain rocks, presenting certain differences, but agreeing in name with each other. For of the sard the transparent and blood red sort is called the female, while the less transparent and darker kind is termed the male, and the cyanus also is named one sort the male and the other the female, but the male is the deeper in color of the two." The cyanus, or cyanos, of the ancients is said, though probably incorrectly, by many modern mineralogists to be identical with our sapphire.

The Letter "M" in Mother.

It has been pointed out as a curious fact that the letter "M" in almost all known languages—English, French, Latin, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Chinese and the others—is to be found in the word which stands for mother or nurse. Perhaps this is owing to its representing a sound which exists in every spoken speech and has the same pronunciation in them all. It is also exceedingly easy to utter and is one of the first sounds that children make, and it therefore naturally enters into the appellation given to the nursing parent in the first cries of recognition and affection. There is no doubt at all that "m" and the other baby names for mother originated directly from the child.

Hardly a Love Match.

Miss Smilax—And so Miss Passo and Mr. Gotnix really got married. Was it a love match?

Mary—On the contrary, I should call it a hate match.

Miss Smilax—Why? I don't understand you.

Mary—Why, she hated to be an old maid, and he hated to be poor.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Two women stand at a cradle side, And gaze on a picture fair. A nestling child, with dark fringed eyes, Where lurks the deep-toned blue of the skies.

And shining, sun-touched hair. One of them sees but a sleeping child. Clasp a battered doll.

She notes the beauty of form and face, And the rich effect of the priceless lace.

On the cradle—there's that all. She kisses the babe as she carries awhile; Then turns away with a careless smile.

The other gazes with misty eyes, And the cradle fades away. Before her stretches the path of life, With all the peril and toil and strife.

And the dangers of every day. She sees the tiny form grown strong, And the tender heart grown cold.

In the race for pleasure that ends in pain, The eager struggle 'twixt loss and gain, The madd'ning quest for gold.

And she sobs a prayer, "O God, that Thou Would'st keep him ever as pure as now!"

These women stand in the self-same place; They are not unlike in form and face; They see the same child in a wee white cot; But one is a mother—and one is not.

—Boston Globe.

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"Give me," he said, "one crumb of consolation to help me through the empty days. If there had not been this plain, straight way of duty for me, could you—"

"Yes, oh, yes!" she said.

"I had to speak?" he questioned.

"I can bear it better," she said, "since you have spoken."

"If love were all?"

"Nothing else could make me love you like this," said she.

Only his look thanked her. "Now," he said, "you must forget that once I was tempted to play the man. You must only remember me as the conceited young curate who tried—"

"Don't!" she exclaimed, "don't hurt me like that!"

"Take your own way, then," he whispered, with a wintry smile. "And bless you always, my one love. You alone hold my secret—safe with you."

"Dear God; how safe!" she cried.

And so they parted. It was the only way.

But that was not the only confidence with which she was honored at about this time, and, strangely enough, it was the curate's mother who next put her powers of secret keeping to the test.

She prefaced her confession with a touch of flattery.

"I feel I must tell some one, my dear," she said. "I shall feel better then. And there is no one I could tell so easily as you, with so great assurance of sympathy and understanding."

She was young to the mother of her big son, very good-looking, very attractive in manners still. She smiled at the girl, while the girl winced, because she knew that smile so well on another face.

"I hope you will not laugh at me for a silly old goose!"

"As if I should!"

"I don't know—wait and see. I suppose that in your idea, no one could possibly fall in love after—well, thirty-five?"

"Oh, why not?"

"Very well tried, dear! Very creditably said! But I am more than thirty-five—and I am in love. I don't wonder you start."

"I don't think—I did!"

"Not badly! But there, I don't want you to think that because experience has taught me to laugh in the face of misfortune, I cannot still feel. Child, there is no love like a late love for tearing your heartstrings. Practice helps to make perfect, perhaps—I don't know. Women love and marry and live happily ever after—hundreds of women do that. But I have had experience, and I know what I am saying is true, that not one woman in a hundred ever finds her ideal as I, so late, have found mine."

"Oh," said the girl, "doesn't he—doesn't he—forgive my asking—but doesn't he love you?"

"Yes, dear, that's not the barrier. I think at my age, you know, a failure to return my affection would have marred the picture in the beginning, have broken up the likeness to the ideal too soon, would have stayed the springs of love before much harm had been done. No, I am spared that. But I think you know how I have lived for and in my son ever since his father died. I have brought him up to honor his dead father beyond all living men. How can I now acknowledge to him that a greater than his father has arisen for me? How can I publicly set another in the place death has made sacred? Wouldn't it be like sacrilege in his eyes? The seed I sowed in my boy's heart has flourished beyond belief—his very love of me is entwined with it. If I struck at the one, might I not endanger the other?"

She waited a moment, but the girl had nothing to say, and she went on again, speaking rapidly, her voice vibrating.

"They say I've spoiled him. If so, it is only in little things—he has a heart of gold; but even for the little things I must bear my punishment. And who can measure the temptation a woman has to face—left alone in the world with her child—to pet and humor him, to make herself indispensable to him at any cost—even at some cost to the beloved object? I haven't had a thought apart from him until lately, and he had always known it. Now the habit of years has blinded him; he sees what he has seen so long—how many of us do that?—and not what is actually before him—his father first in the far away and he always first and dearest in the present. We have been so much to each other, so much more than only mother and son, when there are others to share the affection each has to give. I am a coward. I cannot tell my son he is no longer first. I have set him before everything all these years, and—now I must do so until the end."

The girl summoned all her store of courage to her aid.

"But if he should—think of marrying—himself, wouldn't that make a difference?"

"That would, of course. He would not need me in the same way, then."

Yet even at the thought her tone trembled a little, so strong on her were the chains of the past. "But he is such a boy for his age. He won't think of such a thing for years. The man who loves me now will find me an old woman when my boy goes a-wooing. We are old lovers as it is—I cannot bid him wait."

"He, your son, does not seem such a boy to others as to you, perhaps?"

"You think that because you are so young yourself, dear girl. And how patient you have been to me!" she said, coming back to her accustomed consideration for her companion. "Sometimes I have felt I must speak, just once, or it would kill me—and now I have spoken. You will respect my confidence, I know."

"Yes," said the girl, "yes." She added as best she could the expression of her sympathy, hating herself for the bald-

ness of her words, the preoccupation she could not banish from her manner. But the other had her own preoccupation, and seemed to find nothing lacking.

These were the questions which troubled her, filled her waking thoughts, sent her restless to bed—was she justified in disregarding the confidence reposed in her by two people for the sake of saving four lives from sacrifice? If she decided to trample on her own honor, at the desperate pleading of the mother to the son, or the son to the mother? Was there no other way of accomplishing an end so keenly desired? It seemed not; and so she waited on in indecision, although to wait was as hard a thing as she could do.

And while she still waited she became the victim of yet another confidence, this time from a man again, but middle-aged and iron gray.

"You look a sensible little girl," he began, abruptly. "Are you?"

"I hope so!" She smiled.

"Then, although we don't know much of each other, you'll forgive me for asking you a question or two which may seem beyond my limit, believing that impertinence is the last thing prompting me."

Suddenly arrested in interest, the girl nodded.

"Then will you tell me if you ever get below the surface, as it were, in those long and seemingly confidential talks you have with our young curate?"

"Have you a right to ask?"

"I have, at any rate, a large interest at stake."

"That sounds almost the same thing. I am afraid of what I may and may not say; but I don't see, at this moment, any reason why I should not speak the truth."

"Then you have?"

"Sometimes," she admitted.

"Once in particular, perhaps?"

"I must not tell you."

"Never mind; that tells me, without your committing yourself, what I want to know." He smiled and turned to her with a greater show of hopefulness.

"Honor me," he said, "by listening a few minutes. I have it from his mother that our young curate is not likely to think of marrying for a long time. Now, I am very anxious to marry his mother myself, and it seems, unless he can be hurried into matrimony—cleared out of the way, in fact, and provided with a woman to worship him—I shall never carry out my wish. She thinks she has disposed of me—she is the best woman the world holds—but she evidently a little bit underestimates my power of perseverance. When I want a thing I generally worry around until I get it. I told her so; but I fancy she took it as an idle boast, excusable only because of the speaker. Also I fancy she has not watched you and our curate in conversation. Now, I have."

"What are you going to do?" gasped the girl.

"I am going to tell our curate how matters stand between his mother and myself; he is between—and—"

"She didn't bind you to secrecy?"

"I have forgotten it if she did. And if she did, she will forgive me by results, or I don't know her."

"And if there are no satisfactory results, she won't know anything about it?"

"Of course not. I thought you could help me."

She looked at the man's firm mouth, his pleasant, kindly eyes. "I want to help you much more than I've helped you at present," she said.

"But I can't get the woman I want unless I can secure a bride for our curate—clear him out of the way."

"Don't talk of him like that," she laughed.

"And a troublesome conscience won't let me go to him after watching him follow you about with his eyes, unless I can hold out some sort of hope that he would be successful in yielding to my prompting—in proposing to you, in fact, to—er—clear the way—for me."

"Can't you?" she blushed and smiled.

"I should not like to. Look here, little girl, I am safe as a house; you can very well trust me. Has he told you he loves you?"

"Oh, why," she cried, "must you put it round that way?"

The smile deepened slowly in the pleasant, kindly eyes. "I am open to correction," he said. "Do you love our curate enough to share his small income with such additions as a stepfather might be permitted to make to it?"

"I love him enough to take him without a penny—if I got the chance."

"Well done, little girl! Then I'll manage it. I'll settle things for the four of us out of hand."

And this is what he did.—London World.

No Offense Intended.

At the exhibition of the International Live Stock Association in Chicago last fall a portly old gentleman remarked to one of the men in charge of the cattle department. "You don't call this the 'fat stock show' any more, it seems."

"No," replied the other. "It's quality that counts with us now, and not quantity. You can put fat on any kind of an animal, and after it's all done he's nothing but a big, fat—I—I beg pardon, sir!—I hadn't noticed—I didn't mean—"

The portly old gentleman had begun to turn red, and the attempted apology only made the matter worse. After an ineffectual effort to express himself he waddled on, in speechless indignation.

A Quibbler.

"Would you quit smoking for my sake?" asked she.

"Certainly," answered the cold-blooded man; "if there were any occasion for it. But I fail to see why I should begin smoking for your sake in the first place."—Washington Star.

The Duke's "Thirteen Clock."

An ingenious timekeeping arrangement exists today which was designed by that famous Duke of Bridgewater who lived South Lancashire with canals and died a hundred years ago. The duke was a great stickler for punctuality, and he was annoyed that the workmen on his estate at Worsley did not return to work after dinner as promptly as they left off when the clock struck 12. When he remonstrated, he was told that while the workmen always heard the clock strike 12, they often failed to hear the single stroke of 1. The Duke of Bridgewater quickly found a remedy for this difficulty. He had a clock made that would strike thirteen times an hour after noon, and that clock proclaims 1 o'clock with a baker's dozen of sonorous strokes to this day. The "thirteen clock" is one of the curiosities of Worsley Hall.—Westminster Gazette.

Soothing.

Pompous Customer—That insect powder you sold me the other day is no good. The cockroaches fatten on it.

Affable Salesman—Yes, sir. That's the first stage. They get fat on it and then die of apoplexy. Come round next week and report again. Anything I can do for you, ma'am?

Hardly.

TOWN NEWS

Look out for the electric cars.
Business rushing at the pottery.
Everybody busy at the steel works.
Look out for the Stockyards Exchange Hotel.

Jason Wight of Colma was a visitor here on Monday.

Miss May Stocum left on Thursday for her home in Butte County.

Frank Bastian has the contract for repainting the stockyards hotel.

Subscribe for the Enterprise and send it to your friends in the East.

The public school was closed Wednesday in honor of Roosevelt's visit.

Mr. John Debenedetti spent last week visiting friends at Halfmoon Bay.

S. C. Coombes has been confined to his bed the past few days on account of sickness.

John Debenedetti returned Monday after spending a week's vacation at Halfmoon Bay.

The familiar figure of C. Broner is once more to be seen daily on the street sprinkler.

Frank Bastian is repainting and papering the interior of the residence of Mr. Thos. Hickey.

John O'Connor, the operator, spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday with friends and relatives at Gilroy.

A new hose cart with a capacity for carrying 350 feet of hose was received by the Fire Commissioners Tuesday.

J. L. Wood drove out to the County Hospital Sunday and reports Capt. Benson and Mr. Gannon doing well.

It is reported that the Exchange Building near the stockyards has been leased to a Mr. Walsh of San Francisco.

Quite a number of our townspeople went to the city on the noon train Tuesday to witness the arrival of the President.

Rev. Smith, an evangelist of the Methodist Episcopal Church, opened a series of evening meetings here on Wednesday.

Bob Carroll arrested three city hoodlums on Wednesday. The three were drunk and were beating a man on Mission road.

Mrs. Flora Davis left Monday for West Plains, Mo., where she expects to spend three or four weeks on a business as well as a pleasure trip.

Some miserable hoodlums pulled down the tent on Tuesday night put up for the Methodist meetings. Such action is shameful and a disgrace to our town.

Herman Gaerdes has shown the nature of his patriotism by keeping the flag floating over his place of business during the President's visit to San Francisco.

Hugh Raphael and family, former residents of this place, who have been living in Oakland for some time past, have returned and located in one of the flats in the Merriam Block.

Tom Connolly gave a ball at his Millbrae Hotel last Saturday evening. There were over 250 people present and the entertainment was the most successful ever held in Millbrae.

The horse of a city expressman ran away on Grand avenue Wednesday, tearing along on the sidewalk to Loomis' place at lower end of the street, when the runaway was stopped. No material injury done.

I wish to thank the friends in South San Francisco who, through their floral offerings, so kindly expressed their sympathy for myself and relatives in our late bereavement.

C. N. PETERSON.
Tanforan Park will be reopened and used as a track for trotting and driving contests. The Club recently organized is composed of men who will make a success of this kind of entertainment.

A general reunion and initiation was held by the local lodge Improved Order of Redmen No. 111, last Saturday night at Butcher's Hall. A large delegation was present from the Palo Alto lodge as well as several members from San Francisco.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Born, at Oakland, Cal., April 23d, to the wife of Louis Remele, a son. Our informant declares that Louis Remele is a very proud and very happy father. The "little man" arrived on his father's birthday. This item is good enough to print, if it is a little late in arriving.

R. H. Jury, publisher of the San Mateo Leader, submitted to an operation for a constitutional disorder at the Waldeck Sanitarium, in San Francisco, on Thursday of this week. It will probably be three weeks before he is able to resume his duties in connection with his paper.—Times, San Mateo.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Dr. Plymire, Health Officer, made a long report to the Board of Supervisors last Monday week, of his visit to the milk ranch owned by one Faber up San Francisco Creek. The water for cleaning the pans was from the creek and not far below a water closet and pig sty. The nuisance was abated. He recommends the enactment of an ordinance governing the sanitary condition of milk ranches.—Leader, San Mateo.

Died, in San Mateo, May 10th, at the age of 72 years, James D. Byrnes. The funeral was held from the Catholic Church at San Mateo on Tuesday, May 12th. Senator Byrnes was at the time of his death the representative in the State Senate of this county and the county of Santa Cruz. He was for many years prominent in the business

and social life of San Mateo county, and a man beloved by his many friends and respected by all who knew him.

WIDOW AND SON RECEIVE SNEATH ESTATE

Redwood City, May 10.—The will of R. G. Sneath was filed yesterday by the clerk of the Superior Court. The instrument, which is dated July 10, 1901, is in the handwriting of the deceased. He disposes of his estate as follows: To his son, G. R. Sneath, he gives 2800 shares of the capital stock of the Jersey Farm Company, and to the widow, Hattie Ann Sneath, he bequeaths 2400 shares of the capital stock in the same corporation. He makes no direct provision for his other two children, H. J. Sneath and Minnie L. Dillingham, wife of the United States Consul to New Zealand.

In case of the death of his wife, her shares are to be divided equally among these latter children. An explanation of his failure to provide for them, it is stated that it would divide the estate too much and that their mother would make ample provisions for them. The shares in the Jersey Company comprise the estate. Sneath requests that his executor and executrix, his son and widow, respectively, assist his relatives and friends as he had done in life, and to maintain and keep in good order the family burial place at Tibbo, O.

Before his death, it is said, he disposed of the remainder of his property. The Jersey farm which is owned by the family is worth at least \$500,000. It comprises 3000 acres of land in this county.—Chronicle.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The May water rate must be paid on or before the last day of May. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the last day of June and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed, for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

The Exchange Building for hotel purposes. For full particulars inquire of W. J. Martin.

A Religion That Grows.

The idea that Mohammedanism is "played out" would be a dangerous one for statesmen to bank upon. It isn't.

Mohammed began his career as a prophet more than 600 years later than the beginning of the Christian era. At present he has 176,000,000 disciples, more than one-third as many as there are Christians in the world.

Nine hundred years ago there were in India no Mohammedans. Now there are 50,000,000, and they are increasing in number constantly. They are by all odds the most energetic subjects in British India.

The western wave of Mohammedanism rolled up to the farthest corner of Spain, up to the walls of Vienna, and then began to recede, but the shrinking process was accompanied by expansion elsewhere. In Africa Mohammedanism is steadily proselyting. Russia in Europe has 3,000,000 followers of the prophet, more than there are in what is called "Turkey in Europe."

Asia, however, the realm of future growth, is the Mohammedan stronghold. To less than 4,000,000 native Christians there are 100,000,000 Mohammedans.—New York World.

The Cranberry.

The value of the cranberry as a medicinal agent was early recognized by the American aborigines, who prepared poultices from them to extract the venom from poisoned arrows. On the same principle they are used now as a remedy for erysipelas, taken internally or applied as a poultice. In malarial and typhoid conditions the acid of the fruit is specially commended, while dyspeptics who lack gastric juice are also offered cranberries. Eaten raw they are said to be an excellent remedy for biliousness. As a health food cranberries should not be strained, as too much of their substance is lost.

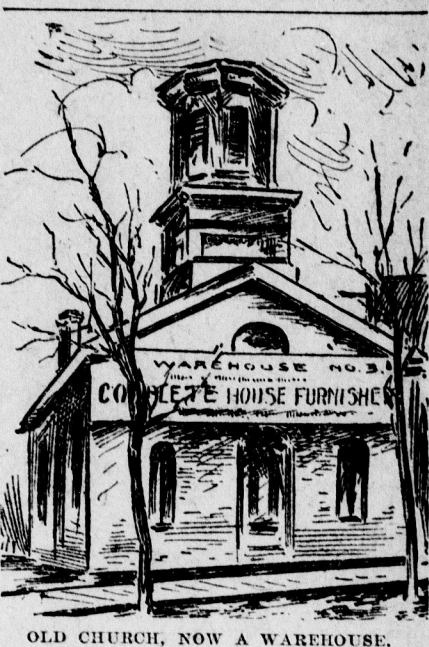
Their Privilege.

Applicant—And if we want certain changes made in the flat—
Janitor—Well, when people want 'em very bad they generally move.—Brooklyn Life.

ST. PAUL CHURCH NOW A WAREHOUSE

The fact that it had served as a place of worship for fifty-four years did not save the oldest church in St. Paul from falling into the despoiler's hands and being converted into such a place as once urged the Master to rid the temple of the money changers and to say: "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." It is already doing duty as a furniture warehouse and bids fair to continue so for years to come.

In 1849 the church was erected by the Methodists of the village, and until



OLD CHURCH, NOW A WAREHOUSE.

1875 it remained the principal sanctuary of the sect. Benjamin F. Hoyt occupied the pulpit as its first pastor. He was not a minister and attended to his worldly duties along with his religious matters.

The church was built with the first batch of bricks made in the State of Minnesota and was used at various times as a place for the getting of the "Almighty dollar." At one time even it was used as a drilling hall for the militia. There is hardly any doubt that the edifice has been accorded its last chance of ever being again sacred to the uses for which it was intended.

QUEER STORIES

Cats and other beasts of prey reflect fifty times as much light from their eyes as human beings.

In Belgium there are no extensive forests or timber lands, and wood for all purposes must be imported.

The river span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,595 feet long; the North bridge has two river spans, each 1,710 feet long.

Of the 8,500 rural free delivery routes in operation June 30 last Iowa led with 771. The other States having the largest number of routes were: Ohio 741, Illinois 706, Indiana 654. The average number of pieces of mail handled on each of the routes each day was 132.

After several unsuccessful attempts and three years labor, the unparalleled feat of cutting a ring out of a single diamond has been accomplished by the patience and skill of Mr. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

In case both President and Vice President die or become incapable of acting, the Secretary of State becomes President, if eligible; after him, the line of succession runs through the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture.

It has often been urged that man could not travel at a much greater speed than sixty miles an hour, as no driver could stand the strain upon the nerves. An experienced engineer has, however, it is said, declared that when a man is running his engine at a mile a minute he has reached the limit of mental strain, and an extra half-mile a minute could not add to his task. Further, the same authority gives the reassuring information that, if a train going at a rate of one hundred miles an hour were wrecked, the consequences would be no worse than if the speed had been sixty miles.



Mr. Howell—What's all that screaming in the parlor?
Mrs. Howell—Carrie is singing till Charley comes, just to kill time.
Mr. Howell—That seems to die hard.

If an old maid loves children, and gets as high as \$40 a month, every merchant she meets sells her something.

Shortly after a married woman inherits money from her kin, her husband embarks on some new business enterprise.

The Eye of the East.

Damascus, perhaps the most ancient city in the world, claims the proud title of "the Eye of the East," which the striking beauty of its aspect from a distance fully justifies.

Bright buildings which sparkle under the Syrian sun rise out of a mass of many tinted foliage. To the north-west stretch the long, bare, snow white ridges of Anti-Lebanon, while in charming contrast gardens, rich cornfields and teeming orchards form a brilliant setting on all sides.

Winding through this profuse display of oriental beauty, the rivers Barrada and Phege—the Abana and Pharpar of Scripture—lose themselves far to the east in Lake Bahr-el-Merj. On a nearer view much of this glamour vanishes, and there is abundant evidence of general decay.

A similar title is given to Athens in Milton's "Paradise Regained." It is: Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts.

Out Of Their Hair.

A procession of the unemployed that took place in London in 1764 did not meet with any great success or public sympathy. In that year wigs went out of fashion, and the wig makers of London were thrown out of work and reduced to distress. They petitioned George III. to compel gentlemen to wear wigs by law. As the wig makers went in procession to St. James' to present their petition it was noticed that most of those persons who wanted to compel other people to wear wigs wore no wigs themselves. This striking the London mob as very inconsistent, they seized the processionists and forcibly cut off all their hair.—London Express.

Spades and a Club.

Mike (teaching Pat poker)—Well, what hove ye got?
Pat—Four trowels and a black sham rock.—Puck.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are more plentiful and selling at easier prices. SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at easier prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products higher. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$1.10 (less 50 per cent. shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9.1; 2d quality, 8.75@9; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7.50@8; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6.50@7.50; Thin Cows, 4@6.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 lbs., 7@7.50; over 250 to 300 lbs., 7c; rough, heavy hogs, 4.50@5; hogs weighing under 140 lbs., 7@7.50.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4.50@4.75; Ewes, 3.50@4.50; Spring Lambs, 5@5.50; shorn Sheep, 3.50@4.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive, gross weight, 5.50@6; over 250 lbs., 4.50@4.75. PORK MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 8@8.50; second quality, 7.50@8; first quality cows and heifers, 7@7.50; second quality, 6.50@7; third quality, 5.50@6.

VEAL—Large, 8@8.50; medium, 9@9.50; small, good, 10@11; common, 7.50@8. MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8.50@9; light, 9@9.50; Heavy Ewes, 8@8.50; Light Ewes, 8.50@9; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 10@11.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 10.50@11c. PROVISIONS—Hams, 13.50@15.50; picnic hams, 9.50@10c; Atlanta ham, 11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 17c; light S. C. bacon, 16.50c; med. bacon, clear, 12.50c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13.50c; clear, light bacon, 15c; clear ex. light bacon, 13.50c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl., \$; do, hf-bbl., \$; Family Beef, bbl., \$; do, hf-bbl., \$; Extra Mess, bbl., \$; do, hf-bbl., \$.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12.50c; do, light, 12.50c; do, Bellies, @ 12.50c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$22.00; hf-bbls., \$11.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.25; do, kits.

LARD—Prices are \$10: Tes. 1/2-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 8 8 1/4 8 1/2 8 3/4 8 7/8 Cal. pure 12 12 1/2 12 1/4 12 3/4 12 1/2 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.35.

H. E. PLYMIRE, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

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—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

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A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan

Association.

Assets, \$178,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

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GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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First-Class Family Resort

SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE ON FAMOUS SAN BRUNO ROAD.

Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.

Table First Class.

Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.

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BOOTS: and: SHOES,

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Tickle your best One by purchasing a bottle of PERFUME or buy your mother a bottle of

"Jeromes' Hair Restorative" for Fifty Cents.

AYRES & COMPANY

BATTLING AGAINST SOCIALISM.

The Crusade of Father Heiter Among Chicago Labor Unions.

A movement is on foot in Chicago which should interest workingmen throughout the United States, for it aims to form a coalition of church and labor unions for the purpose of crushing socialism. At its head is a strong character—Father Anton Heiter, of the Church of the Seven Dolers, of Buffalo, where he aided in crushing socialism out of the unions. By means of lectures, personal appeals and general discussion of the subject, the man of the cloth who has the good of humanity at heart hopes to persuade the leaders of the labor organizations that there are unknown dangers in socialistic teachings, and that if their unions are to have any influence for good these must be avoided.

Father Heiter argues that state socialism is in conflict with the natural law—the law that man may own property, which is older than the state.

"Man existed," he says, "before the state, and he had a right to own before there ever was a state. The state, there-



FATHER ANTON HEITER.

fore, cannot rob him of the rights which he had before it came into existence. This is in full accord with the law of God. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.'

"The state has not the right to rob any person of his natural rights or the rights of his family. On the contrary, it is the duty of the state to protect these rights. It is for the citizen to produce and carry on the business, and it is the duty of the state to protect him and his business, and to see that nobody takes undue advantage of him; that justice and right be supreme, and that the weaker will not become the prey of the stronger."

Father Heiter's warfare on socialism has brought him international fame. He is a Bavarian by birth, is 50 years of age and has lived in Buffalo more than twenty-five years. There he built a \$150,000 edifice for the Church of the Seven Dolers and a schoolhouse which accommodate 1,500 pupils. Years ago he took up the study of socialism, finding in the work of combating it a broad field in which to exercise his rare gifts of logic. His writings and utterances have attracted widespread attention through the United States, and leading European opponents of socialism long ago accorded him a foremost position as an authority on the subject.

TYPES OF WOMEN WAGE WORKERS.



Corrected.

"Hello!" cried the jovial fellow, slapping Grumpey on the back, "how are you, old man?"

"Don't 'old man' me," snapped Grumpey, who was becoming touchy about his age. "I don't look like the old man, do I?"

"Well, no; just this minute you look more like the old boy."—Philadelphia Press.

No Chance to Elope.

Girls in Papua, or New Guinea, an island in the Pacific, have little chance to elope. Their dads force them to sleep in a little house on the topmost branches of a tall tree, then the ladder is removed and the slumber of the parents is not disturbed with fears of an elopement.

What Bothered Him.

"No use ter grieve over spilled milk, Bre'r Williams."

"I know dey ain't; but dey done stoled my cow!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Women whistle less frequently than men do, probably because they dislike the idea of making themselves disagreeable.

WAS A NOTED WOMAN.

The Late Mrs. Roebbing Helped to Build the Brooklyn Bridge.

Mrs. Washington A. Roebbing, who died at Trenton, N. J., recently, gained her first and greatest prominence through the part she took in directing the details of the construction of the Brooklyn bridge, across the East River, New York, after her husband, Colonel Roebbing, had been incapacitated by caisson fever. Colonel Roebbing assisted his father, John A. Roebbing, in preparing the plans for the bridge, and on the death of the latter, who was killed in 1839 while making the first survey for the bridge, Colonel Roebbing took charge.

Colonel Roebbing was stricken with caisson fever while superintending the sinking of the foundation for the bridge, and in 1872 became an invalid.



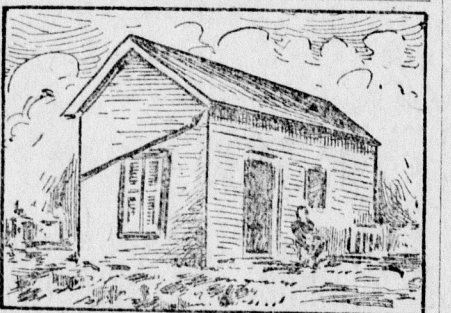
MRS. WASHINGTON A. ROEBBING.

That he might watch the completion of the work he lived on Brooklyn Heights, and with the aid of field glasses directed the construction from his sick room. Mrs. Roebbing gained fame at that time by her direction, under Colonel Roebbing's supervision, of the work. The bridge was completed on May 27, 1883, and Mrs. Roebbing was the first woman to cross it.

Mrs. Roebbing was born in Cold Springs, N. Y., the daughter of Gen. Sylvanus Warren, and married Colonel Roebbing in 1865. She was a member of several women's clubs and patriotic societies and latterly devoted much of her time to literary work. She also a couple of years ago studied law at the University of New York as an aid to her in her business transactions, and it is from a photograph made at that time that our illustration is taken.

DANIEL D. EMMETT, COMPOSER OF "DIXIE," LIVES IN SOLITUDE.

Daniel Decatur Emmett, known as the father of burnt-cork minstrelsy and composer of "Way Down South in Dixie," a song that has stirred the patriotism of every Southerner in America, is still living in a little hermitage near Mount Vernon, Ohio. Dan still possesses the old violin on which he first played the well-known melody. At the time he was playing in Bryant's theater in New York Mr. Bryant asked him to write up something lively for a walk-around. The next day was Sunday, and, looking out of the window of his room, Mr. Emmett saw the rain



DAN EMMETT'S HERMITAGE.

beating down and wished he was back in the South. Then he remembered the negroes' expression: "I wish I were in Dixie land." That was enough. He says in twenty minutes afterward the words and music were complete.

Before this "Uncle Dan" had earned the title as father of negro minstrelsy by imitating the genuine Africans in manners, color and singing. His performances became known all through the country.

The old minstrel is now 87 years of age. His parents were Virginians. At present the old man is under the care of the Actors' Relief Association, and will pass his remaining days in comfort, although he has seen hard times in his career.

A Beneficent Bequest.

An unknown Englishwoman left by will recently "a curious fund" for the benefit of women who have seen better days. The testatrix, who desired that her name and the names of the annuitants under her will should not be published, left \$80,000 and her residuary estate, which will probably make up the total to nearly \$175,000, in trust to apply the income in payment of annuities of \$300 each to unmarried women who must be ladies by birth and have fallen from affluence or from comfortable circumstances and have no present assured income of more than \$50 a year each. There is no restriction as to religious belief, the annuitants are to be women nominated by her during her life or chosen by a majority of the trustees.

His Job.

"What yo' doin' now, Abe?"

"Cleanin' out a bank."

"President, cashier, bookkeeper or janitor?"—Leslie's Weekly.

The sailor is always glad to see a lighthouse, but it's different with the actor.

THE SCHOOL WAGON

An Interesting Experiment Which Is Soon to Be Tried in Illinois.



THE SCHOOL WAGON.

PROF. ALFRED BAYLISS, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois, is a strong advocate of school district consolidation.

Suppose the taxable wealth of a rural township in Illinois should be assessed for the purpose of raising the funds necessary to maintain and equip one central school house. There is hardly a rural township in the State in which a central school maintained and equipped in such a way would not be one well worthy of the name. To begin with, the building would be commodious and comfortable. In ventilation, lighting, warming and every sanitary arrangement it would be a century ahead of the little district school houses to be found at nearly every turn of the road in Illinois, but hundreds of which are, in late years, attended by a half dozen children or less, and not a few of which are closed for want of attendance. Supt. Bayliss says the real reason for this change is the movement to the cities and towns. He tells a story in this connection. "I met a friend on the train the other day," he says, "who was returning, with his wife, from a visit to old Lancaster County, where they came from. He had had a good time, and was going home to think it over and talk it over. He is a rich farmer; has hundreds of broad acres, a great barn, into which you could haul the district school house, a fine home, etc. 'Well,' I said, 'I suppose the boys have been running the farm.' 'No,' he said, 'they are not at home.' 'How's that?' 'Well, John, he's practicin' law over in Iowa, and doin' pretty well, too. Henry, he's a dentist. Hung out his shingle up in Wisconsin last April, and wrote me that he cleared nearly a hundred dollars the first month. Jim, he's at the school of pharmacy in Chicago.' 'And who's on the farm?' I asked. 'Oh, us two and the hired help.'"

"You all know that man, don't you?" the professor asks. "His name is legion." Then he goes on to tell about the man he had in mind. "This man has a railroad station, a school house and a graveyard on his farm, and they used to be very proud of the fine large school." When asked how the school was flourishing now, he answered: "Oh, I hardly know. We had six scholars last winter, but the Jones family moved not long ago. I don't think of any more to come in."

An outgrowth of the system of township consolidation of schools will be the school wagon, to collect the children from the more distant parts of a township and bring them to the school. The calculators think this could be done without increasing taxes or even reaching the limits of taxation for school purposes in a township, after the area of assessment for the support of a central school is made so much larger than that of the district. In course of time, no doubt, after this system is developed, and its logical outcome and results are seen, the wagons will run, no matter what the condition of the weather or the roads. All roads in a rural Illinois township will lead, then, to the school house in the center, or in that spot in the township which can be reached the most easily and speedily. That is what the system is sure to come to, and probably in a few years.

That building consolidation is one of the purposes of the proposed reform, however, Mr. Bayliss leaves no room to doubt. "Here in Illinois," he says, "we must have out in the country pleasant, roomy, convenient and sanitary school houses, as well adapted for their purpose in all respects and even as attractive architecturally as they are fast coming to be in the cities. Architecturally, the school house should exhibit the taste and to some extent the aspiration of the neighborhood. It should be better than the best dwelling house, but in many a country district there are those who wouldn't exchange their best barn for the school house. It should be lighted from the right direction; have the teacher's desk in the right place; have ample air and floor space; have cloakrooms for boys and girls, entered from the schoolroom, and be furnished with lavatories opening into properly constructed closets, accessible in no other way. It should be properly ventilated, and when possible have a dry, clean and warm cellar. It should have abundant book cases and cabinets and reading tables. A portion of the ground should be properly ornamented, and altogether the house and ground should be the just pride of the community."

Prof. Bayliss admits that, at first view, the taxpayers might fear that they could not stand the expense. But he evidently doubts whether their expenses would be greatly increased. They could not stand it, he admits, "under the grotesque system of school maintenance now prevailing. The idea is to centralize and improve systems and force results by cutting off a great many useless expenses and putting the money which is now paid into incompetent hands into the hands of others who can give value received. "The reduction of the number of districts in each township," he said, "would in many, if not most, cases lead to the consolidation of all the schools, the organization of a graded school, and the establishment of a high school department in every township. If, because of bad roads or other causes less real, a township does not choose to consolidate all of the schools in one building, then at least the older children could be brought together in a central school, and given the advantage of companionship and association with others of their own age."

The township high school is one of the prime results aimed at by the proposed change. There is provision for township high schools in the Illinois school laws, but as long as the district system prevails there is little prospect of the opportunity being utilized. The new system, it is believed, would bring the township high school into existence all over the State. "There ought to be," says Supt. Bayliss, "within reach of every farmer's child in Illinois, a country school that should be as worthy a place on the accredited list of the State university as the city schools that now make up that list. It ought to give as good quality of instruction in mathematics and science and language and literature as the city high school." As to the effect of centralizing the common schools of the township, he says: "Our present system has served its purpose. It no longer meets the requirements."

From all of which it would appear that President Eliot of Harvard is not so far wrong when he says that the educational system of this country is capable of vast improvement. Supt. Bayliss attributes the decay of the country school to the great and growing movement toward the towns and cities, and he has some pronounced views as to this movement as a cause of which there are likely to come many serious effects. "Society is moving," he says. "The city school, for reasons I need not stop to recapitulate, is keeping up with the procession. The country is re-enforcing and regenerating the city with its best blood. The movement is not new, but it is continuous and accelerated. The elements which destroy the population of cities will operate in the future as in the past. We are proud of the fact that the majority of the great men this country has produced come from the farms, and it will be a most serious mistake to even seem to encourage the idea that success in life is possible only to those who leave them."

Trials of the Great.

Dislike of titles is ingrowing here. Man who loudly announced in Seventh avenue that he was "private secretary to Police Commissioner Greene" emerged from the crowd that had flocked to view him with his left eye discolored, his nose rapidly assuming shanty-like proportions, and his lips, ears and other appurtenances much

the worse for wear.—New York Telegram.

"Look at the way baby's working his mouth," exclaimed Mrs. Newman. "Now, he proposes to put his foot in it." "H'm!" replied her husband, grumpily. "Hereditary. That's what I did when I proposed."—Philadelphia Press.

TITLE PAGES.

They Were Unknown Until After the Invention of Printing.

The most surprising thing in the history of the title page is the fact that it was utterly unknown until a few years after the invention of printing. In the days before that great era, when all books were in manuscript, no scribe ever thought of prefacing his work with a separate page or leaf devoted to the title.

When printing took the place of writing, changes came gradually. In many early printed books there was still some for handwriting. Initial letters were left for the "rubricator," as he was called, to decorate and illuminate by hand.

As books multiplied this practice, of course, soon died out. Occasionally wealthy and luxurious book owners would employ a skillful illuminator to adorn the pages and margins of a printed book just as in former days manuscripts had been illuminated.

The manuscript practice of surrounding the text with an ornamental border was also often applied to early printed books. The introduction of the title page showed the same mingling of old and new.

Printing was invented about 1450, but no title page, properly so called, is known before 1470. In the earliest examples the title is either, as in manuscripts, given in the first two or three lines of the first page, to be immediately followed by the printed text, or is simply, as it has been called, a label—that is, it consists of a very brief title at the top of a blank page.

There was one curious exception. A "Kalendar" printed by Ratdolt at Venice in 1476 has a full title page in the modern style. This remarkable page consists of an introductory poem surrounded on three sides by ornamental borders, with, at the bottom, the place of printing and date—"Venetis, 1476"—and the names of the printers.

But this is quite an exceptional instance. Such a title page is hardly found again for twenty years and did not become common till about 1520, more than forty years later.

A particularly noticeable feature in many title pages of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries is the length of the descriptive titles. Controversial pamphlets and books of travel and adventure especially have titles which are extraordinarily long winded. The whole page is filled with small type, giving an analysis of the contents of book or pamphlet.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century and through its successor came the reign of the bold and plain title page, and the plain title has lasted until the present day.

Caught the Students.

There was formerly a barber in Harvard square who caught the university custom with this classic appeal which some friendly patron suggested:

Siste, viator,
Submitte collum tonsori
Et alibi aderis.

"Traveler, stay, submit your neck to the barber and depart a second Adonis."

Forty Bibles a Minute.

The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for 300 years and can be published in 150 languages and dialects. Orders for 100,000 Bibles are quite common. An order for half a million copies can, according to the Caxton Magazine, be readily filled. On an average from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute. There are 110 different editions of the Oxford Bibles in English, varying from the magnificent folio edition for pulpit use to the "brilliant" Bible, the smallest edition of the Scriptures in the world. The largest folio Bible printed in Oxford measures 19 by 12 inches, and no erratum has as yet been found in it. The "Brilliant Text Bible" measures 3 3/4 by 2 1/2 inches and is three-fourths of an inch thick.

Stockings.

How many readers are familiar with the history and origin of the most common articles they daily use? We eat, drink, wear without thinking whence or wherefore. Stockings were known among the Romans more than 1,800 years ago, as is proved by paintings found in the ruins of Pompeii. They were considered more ornamental than useful. In the colder climate of northern Europe they became a necessity, and the manufacture of them became a recognized employment in the twelfth century, when they were fashioned chiefly of cloth. In the reign of Edward II. they assumed a resemblance to those now worn. At the courts of Spain and Italy they were fashioned of silk and were made enormously large.

Got His Numbers Right.

A certain lawyer, who is now a very able judge, was, when he first came to the bar, a very blundering speaker, says Youth. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving a right of property to a lot of hogs, he said, "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as in that jury box!" The effect can be imagined.

London's Crossings.

You can cross the three most dangerous streets in Manchester on an average 3,000 times in safety, but the three thousand and first time you will be run over. If you are not, somebody else will be in your place, for the average a year never fails by more than a point or two either there or in London. But in London you can only pass the crossing at Blackfriars bridge, which is the most dangerous spot in the city, 550 times. You may be the lucky person who escapes by chance, but somebody is certain to suffer to keep the average up, counting the accidents over a space of five years up to date. Next comes the Mansion House crossing, with a 700 to one chance.—London Answers.

Proof Positive.

Miss Charcoal—I tell yo', Miz' Johnson, dese heah patent medicines hain't no 'count at all. I'ze been usin' dis hilly balm face bleach fo' a yea' now, an' it 'fected me none.—Exchange.

THE FAIRBANKS-MORSE ENGINES

ARE OPERATED ON

GAS, GASOLINE, DISTILLATE OR CRUDE OIL

Cost of Operation

Very Light.

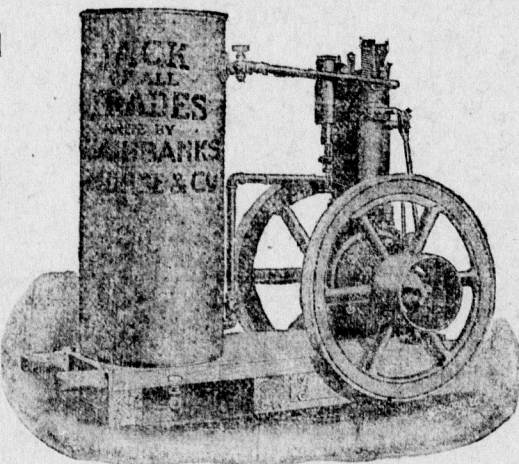
No Expense When

Not Running

A Money Earner

Simple

Safe



Can Be Started in

a Second

Can Be Stopped

in a Second

A Money Saver

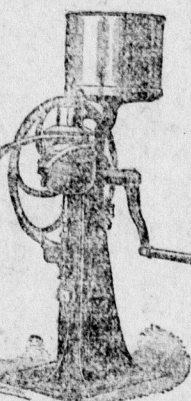
Economical

Ever Ready

First and Stark Sts.
PORTLAND, OR.

310 Market Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

136 So. Los Angeles St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



THERE'S MONEY IN COWS

IF YOUR DAIRY IS EQUIPPED WITH A

DeLaval Cream Separator

and every other apparatus that a dairy requires.

Experienced Dairymen will use no other Separator than the De Laval.

We carry the most complete line of Dairy apparatus and supplies on the Pacific Coast.

Write for new catalogue.

DE LAVAL DAIRY SUPPLY CO.

Portland, Or. San Francisco

65 Front Street 217-219 Drumm St.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 and \$3.00 Shoes
You can save from \$3.00 to \$5.00 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$3.00 shoes. They are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes. Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. The genuine have name and price stamped on the bottom. Take no substitute. Fast Color Eyelets used. W. L. Douglas \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.

SHOES BY MAIL 25¢ EXTRA
CATALOG FREE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

BEST \$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES IN THE WORLD

Established 1876.
The Douglas secret process of tanning the bottom makes shoes more flexible and longer wearing leather than any other process. The soles have more than doubled the past four years, which proves its superiority.
1902 Sales: \$25,000,000
1903 Sales: \$25,000,000

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Good Year well hand-sewed process shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
\$25,000 Reward will be paid to anyone who can improve the quality of the shoes.
Made of the best imported and American leathers.



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period—how to avoid pain and suffering and remove the cause by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"To Young Women:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—Miss Agnes Miller, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention. Fifty thousand letters from women prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regulates menstruation and makes those periods painless.

READ WHAT MISS LINDBECK SAYS:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has greatly benefited me. I will tell you how I suffered. My trouble was painful menstruation. I felt as each month went by that I was getting worse. I had severe bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen.

"A friend advised me to try Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I did so and am now free from all pain during my periods."—JESSIE C. LINDBECK, 1201 6th Street, Rockford, Ill.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it. Her advice has restored to health more than one hundred thousand women. Why don't you try it, my sick sisters?

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A home can generally be judged by the kind and number of good books you see in its library.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The boy who fights for his education will one day hire the lad who is paid to attend school.

"The Clean, Cool, Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and all ways ready. Sold at good store prices.

Los Angeles has 200 saloons.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 62-page trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The man who never gets his name on the 400 list often gets it on the banker's list.

The Right Road to Health.

A ticket over this road costs only ten cents, a box of Cascarets Candy Cathartic and you can't possibly make a mistake. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The happiest woman is she who is praised and appreciated by the man whom she loves. When this fails her she draws a blank in life's game of chance.

Menu for Good Health. Today drink some "Castellwood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Keep your troubles as well as your chickens at home.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 2c. Don't accept any substitute.

The last signer of the Declaration of Independence to pass away was "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." He died in 1832.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention This Paper.

S. F. N. P. O. No. 20, 1903.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption. Sold by druggists.



of that, pa?" Kind father—"Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months, and still he keeps coming."—Stray Stories.

Philosophic Murphy (recovering from a twenty-foot fall)—Well, I had to come down for nails, anyway!—Glasgow Evening Times.

Deacon Johnson—"What yo' doin' now, Abe?" Abe Hardcase—"Cleanin' out a bank." Deacon Johnson—"President, cashier, bookkeeper, or janitor."—Leslie's Weekly.

Gilson—Bjorks consults his wife about everything. Wilson—So I understand. And generally does just exactly opposite from what she says.—Somerville Journal.

"I think I have met you before. Aren't you timekeeper for the Bloss & Goss Company?" "No, sir, I am a singer of topical songs and know nothing at all about keeping time."—Kansas City Journal.

Farmer Hayditch (to his neighbor, Farmer Turnip)—"Hallo! Going in for barbed wire fencing, eh? Isn't it rather dear?" Turnip—"Yes, but then you see my men don't waste time sitting on it!"—Pick-Me-Up.

"Drop me a line!" cried the excursionist who had fallen overboard. "What's the use?" calmly rejoined the alleged funny man of the party. "There isn't any postoffice where you are going."—American Hebrew.

The Senate—"How long can you talk without dropping dead in your tracks?" Senator Morgan—"That is not the question. How long can you listen to me without dropping dead in your tracks?"—New York Evening Post.

How they spend their time: She—"How's the motor-car getting on, Sir Charles?" He—"Well, fact is, I've seen very little of it. You see, I've only had it three months, and when it isn't in hospital, I am!"—London Punch.

Worked Both Ways: Jaggies—Are they good divorce lawyers? Waggles—"Best in the business. They've originated over a hundred different ways of collecting alimony, and as many more for evading the payment of it."—Judge.

Effective: Bjorks—"Do you believe in the possibility of the cure of disease by suggestion?" Bjorks—"Why, certainly. I was feeling pretty sick last week, and my wife suggested I go to a doctor and it cured me right away."—Somerville Journal.

Doctor makes no mistakes: Patient—"But, doctor, only last week you said I would surely die, and to-day you see I am as well as I ever was." Doctor—"Sir, I never make a mistake in a diagnosis. Your ultimate demise is only a matter of time."—Chicago News.

Maud—"I feel so sorry for poor Lilian. She and Reggie had it all planned to elope, and now they have to give it up." Jack—"What is the trouble?" Maud—"She can't persuade her stingy old papa to give them the money to carry it out."—Kansas City Journal.

First Citizen—I hope we are not going to have many more of these hideous skyscrapers. Second Citizen—I used to feel as you do until everybody began to burn soft coal. Now it seems to me the sky needs all the scraping that can be given it.—Boston Transcript.

Physician—The truth can no longer be hidden, madam. I am obliged to tell you that your little son is—er—weak-minded. That is—well, it must be said—he is an idiot. Mrs. Highup—How fortunate it is that we are rich. No one will ever notice it.—New York Weekly.

Stranger—"Have you a good catarrh cure?" Druggist—"Yes, sir; I have the very thing you want." Stranger—"Can you recommend it?" Druggist—"Sure. I have catarrh myself, and I've used nothing but this preparation for nearly twenty years."—Chicago Daily News.

City Editor—Did you say he had nothing to say? Reporter—Not at all. I'm sure he did have something to say, otherwise he would not have said to me that he had nothing to say. If he hadn't had anything to say he wouldn't have hesitated to say it.—Philadelphia Press.

Admirer—"Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until four o'clock, and then get up at eight to go to my work?" Young lady—"I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it."—New York Weekly.

"I'm getting painfully careless, my dear. I've just found a portrait of George Washington in my coat pocket that has been there for the last ten days." "Well, I don't see anything serious about that." "Don't you, my dear? I'm glad to hear it. You see, the portrait is a part of the stamp on that letter you gave me to mail last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning: "she is his joy, his inspiration, and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is—" "Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly, solemnly, "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"—Tit-Bits.

AT A HORSE AUCTION.

The Proceedings as Viewed From the Horse's Standpoint.

Skipper was a police horse and the pride of the mounted squad until he acquired a spavin. Then he was sent to a sales stable. His experiences there as told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine" were as follows:

Skipper was led into a big ring before a lot of men. A man on a box shouted out a number and began to talk very fast. Skipper gathered that he was talking about him. Skipper learned that he was still only six years old and that he had been owned as a saddle horse by a lady who was about to sail for Europe and was closing out her stable. This was news to Skipper.

The man talked very nicely about Skipper. He said he was kind, gentle, sound in wind and limb and was not only trained to the saddle, but would work either single or double. The man wanted to know how much the gentlemen were willing to pay for a bay gelding of this description.

Some one on the outer edge of the crowd said, "Ten dollars."

At this the man on the box grew quite indignant. He asked if the other man wouldn't like a silver mounted harness and a lap robe thrown in.

"Fifteen," said another man.

Somebody else said "Twenty," and another man said "Twenty-five," and still another "Thirty." Then there was a hitch. The man on the box began to talk very fast indeed.

"Thirty, thirty, thirty, thirty! Do I hear the five? Thirty, thirty, thirty, thirty. Will you make it five?"

"Thirty-five," said a red faced man who had pushed his way to the front and was looking Skipper over sharply.

The man on the box said "Thirty-five," a good many times and asked if he "heard forty." Evidently he did not, for he stopped and said very slowly and distinctly, looking expectantly around: "Are you all done? Thirty-five—once; thirty-five—twice; third—and last call—sold for \$35."

When Skipper heard this, he hung his head. When you have been a \$250 blue ribboner and the pride of the force, it is sad to be "knocked down" for \$35.

Fuel in Ancient Rome.

The fuel of the ancient Romans was almost exclusively charcoal. This was burned in open pans, without grate or flue, and gave economical heat for living rooms and baths. Careful experiment has shown that such fires yield no considerable amount of dangerous carbonic oxide. The inconvenience of chimneys was avoided, the heat could be easily regulated, and a pan with a burning surface sufficed to heat a church seating 2,000 people.

100 Doses

For One Dollar

Economy in medicine must be measured by two things—cost and effect. It cannot be measured by either alone. It is greatest in that medicine that does the most for the money—that radically and permanently cures at the least expense. That medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures pimples, eczema and all eruptions, tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it reliable and giving perfect satisfaction. It takes away that tired feeling, gives energy and puts the blood in good condition." Miss Effie Colonne, 1535 10th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

An Irish Duel.

The annals of the Emerald Isle bristle with incidents of dueling in which Irish humor, if not at all times Irish bravery, is conspicuous. On one occasion Sir Jonah Barrington fought a duel with a barrister named McNally. The latter had one leg shorter than the other and because it was his habit when in a hurry to take two thumping steps with the short leg to bring up the space made by the long one he was nicknamed "One Pound Two." McNally could get no one of his bar to fight him, and so he challenged Barrington, who good naturedly exchanged shots in the Phoenix park.

The baronet hit his opponent in the braces, then called the "gallows," and feared he had killed him. When the result was made known, one of the seconds shouted, "Mac, you are the only rogue I ever knew who was saved by the gallows."

Slaughter House Byproducts.

Some of the uses of byproducts of slaughtered animals: The blood is used for the production of albumen, the bones for knife handles, toothbrush handles, chessmen, etc.; the horns for combs, backs of brushes, large buttons, etc.; the hoofs for buttons, ornaments and fertilizers. Neat's foot oil, extracted from the feet, has a high commercial value. The fat is used for glycerin and butterin. Gelatin, glue, pepsin and other articles are obtained from slaughtered cattle and sheep. The value of such articles made every year represents many millions of dollars.

A German who recently landed in this city was attacked upon the street and bitten by a vicious dog. A few bystanders rushed to the man's assistance, who was apparently more frightened than injured, and asked if the dog was mad. The German exclaimed: "Vot! Der dog mad? Vy he be mad? 'Tis me vot is mad?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT



If so then your system is out of balance, and there is a flaw somewhere in your constitution, and a possibility that you are losing health, too. The falling off in weight may be slight, but it makes a wonderful change in one's looks and feelings, and unless the building up process is begun in time, vitality and strength are soon gone and health quickly follows. If you are losing weight there is a cause for it. Your blood is deteriorating and becoming too poor to properly nourish the body, and it must be purified and enriched before lost weight is regained. It requires something more than an ordinary tonic to build up a feeble constitution, for unless the poisons and germs that are lurking in the blood are destroyed, they will further impoverish the blood and weaken the system, and you continue to lose weight.

In S. S. S. will be found purifying and tonic properties combined. It not only builds up weak constitutions, but searches out and destroys germs and poisons of every description and cleanses the system of all impurities, thus laying the foundation for a healthy, steady increase in weight and future good health.

Food may be bountiful and the appetite good, but still the system weakens and we remain poor in flesh unless what we eat is properly digested and turned into rich, pure blood. S. S. S. re-inforces the stomach and aids the digestion and assimilation of food, and there is a rapid up-building of health and strength. S. S. S. acts promptly and beneficially upon the nervous system, strengthens and tones it up, and relieves the strain by producing sound, refreshing sleep. You can find no tonic so invigorating as S. S. S., and being composed exclusively of roots and herbs its use is attended with no bad effects. Old people will find that it braces them up, improves the circulation of the blood, and stimulates all the bodily organs, and persons of delicate constitutions can take S. S. S. with safety, as it does not derange the stomach like the strong mineral remedies, but acts gently and without any shock to the system. Those whose feelings tell them they are not strong or well, and who are growing thinner and falling below their usual weight, should take a course of S. S. S. and build up again. S. S. S. is recognized everywhere as the leading blood purifier and the safest and best of all tonics. We cheerfully furnish medical advice, without charge, to all who will write us.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

"The Passions and Health."

"The passions' effect on the health is not sufficiently regarded," says a physician in the Philadelphia Record. "The passion which is best for the health is avarice. It keeps one cool, encourages regular and industrious habits, leads to abstinence and makes against all excess. And hence the avaricious, the misers, live to a great age. The misers of history were all noted for their longevity. Rage is very bad for one. The passion causes an irregular, intermittent beating of the heart, and the intermittency in time may become chronic. Hatred creates fever. If we hate, we grow lean. This hot passion eats us like a flame. Fear is bad for the nerves, the heart and the brain, and therefore we should never permit ourselves to be afraid. But the strangest effects of all have been caused by the passion of grief. The medical books record cases where, coming suddenly in a violent shock, it has caused a loss of blood from the lungs in one person, paralysis of the tongue in another and a failure of sight or temporary blindness in a third."

"Three Sheets in the Wind."

"What was the origin of the phrase for drunkenness, 'three sheets in the wind'?" a landsman asked a sailor the other day. "Well," said the sailor, "I'll explain that matter to you. The two lower corners of a ship's sail are held taut by two ropes, one called a tack and another called a sheet. The tack is always kept very tight, but the sheet is loosened according to the wind, and the looser the sheet is the more freely the sail swings. If the sail is quite free, its sheet is said to be 'in the wind.' Now, suppose that all three of a ship's sails were quite free. They would then fly about very crazily, and the ship would wobble. The course of the ship would be a zigzag one, and the reason for this would be that she had 'three sheets in the wind.' That, I guess, is why a man, when he zigzags in his course, is said to be 'three sheets in the wind' also."—Philadelphia Record.



The old, invariable virtue of

St. Jacobs Oil

makes it the king cure for

Sprains and Bruises

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Ireland will have no more famines, for the Burbank potato will grow there, blight or no blight.

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever used in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets." CHAS. STENFORD, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.



Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, No Gripe, Never Sicken, Weakens, or Grips, No Drowsiness. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** Sells Everywhere. Solely by Mail, Write to: **NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

In India the men do the washing.

"Adams"

HELPS FROM THE FIRST DOSE

SARSAPARILLA PILLS

(Chocolate Coated)

For Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Torpid Liver, Etc.

THEY COOL, CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE BLOOD

10c., 25c., at all Druggists.

Something that suits both the purse and the palate, will suit you. O. K. Cutter Whisky is pleasant to the palate and the price is reasonable. A. P. Hotelling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

HOTEL NETHERLAND

18 Turk St., San Francisco.

Newest and most central in city, one block from Theatres, 250 light rooms, steam heat, electric lights and telephone in every room. Best moderate priced Hotel on Pacific Coast. Rates reasonable. European plan. Take Market Street car to Turk St.

WE PUBLISH MUSIC—Agents Wanted. Send 10c in stamps and we will mail you 3 easy pieces for Piano. **BAKER MUSIC CO.**, 337 1/2 Harriet St., San Francisco, Cal.

CONTRACTORS' EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

Male Help of All Kinds Furnished Free to Every Employer of Help. Telegraph, write or call in person and procure your help from us. J. H. Cutting, Mgr., 635 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal.

"I've been everywhere, I've seen everything worth seeing, I've tasted everything worth tasting, and 'Old Gilt Edge' is the best whiskey." That man started off like an egotist, but he finished like a good judge of whiskey.

BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR—For 25c. we will send a prescription which when properly compounded is guaranteed to cure Malaria, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, or any other disease. Or we will send five prescriptions for \$1.00. These are standard prescriptions and used by the most eminent medical men of the world. Send at once. **WESTERN PRESCRIPTION COMPANY** when they need it. R. 48, 320 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Coffee, pies and much grease play great havoc with a good complexion.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

... WESTERN MEAT COMPANY ...

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

— PACKERS OF THE —

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.